THE COMMONWEAL

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THE RELIGION OF POLITICS

HOWEVER often and how much polticians are the cause of moral reflections on the part of others, rarely indeed do we find one of them becoming a moralist himself—except, of course, when he thunders against the vices or follies of the party opposing his own. Then indeed he can and often does mount to heights that are loftier—at least in language—than Sinai itself, and his verbal thunderings are louder than those that accompanied Moses when he descended with the decalogue. Senator Nye, chairman of the committee investigating campaign expenditures, however, is an exception—anyhow, for one occasion—to this general rule. Accustomed as he is to poking and prying among the devious devices, the shifts and expedients, the whole sordid technique of practical politics, at last, like Josh Billings, he seems to feel that "this is 2 mutch," and relieves himself in shrewd and meaty words of a few thoughts, which, for once, are not concerned with this or that particular misdoing on the part of a politician, but which go to the very heart of a problem graver and more difficult than most of those which are struggled with by commissions and committees, and by the senates and congresses which appoint the committees. Questioning a witness in the Senator Norris case, and finding, as so often before, his probe deflected by the reluctance of the witness to throw any light on the situation, Senator Nye said:

"One of the strangest things that this committee has encountered is the attitude of people who are questioned regarding campaign contributions and expenditures. I have seen men who are of the highest standing, who bear the finest reputation in this community, and who would never for a minute be found guilty of falsifying anything in a business way, or in their personal contacts, but when it comes to politics it just seems that even the finest type of people feel that it is part of the political religion to lie and to conceal and to cover up. That has been one of the outstanding things I have observed in our studies this summer."

The Senator said—and obtained wide publicity for—what many others have been saying privately for a long time. There exists in politics a psychological atmosphere very similar to that which prevails in war time. The single standard of truth simply ceases to prevail. Lies become weapons or instruments of policy used freely and willingly by men and women who in other relations of life would shrink from falsehood as they would from theft or murder itself. The whole

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philosophy of propaganda, for instance, in both war and politics, seems to be dictated and guided by Machiavelli. Nor is it only professional statesmen and politicians, or professional soldiers, who in politics as in war will lie, or cheat, or cozen, or deceive deliberately. The same methods are used by private individuals without scruple, and apparently without wounding their conscience.

Perhaps we go a little too far when we say that Senator Nye, in pointing out this anomalous situation, is a moralist; for the Senator simply exposes the evil, he does not, save by inference, condemn it or point out the remedy. Yet it may well be that by far the most valuable service performed by Senator Nye's investigating committee will turn out to be this exposure of the extent to which this double standard of truth has come to be accepted. Who can doubt but that it really is part of "the political religion" which today prevails, to use falsehood unblushingly?

Probably it is too optimistic a view to believe that a majority of professional politicians can be reformed. Only the penalties attached to detected perjury are likely to affect the respect for veracity of most of them. But at least it may be hoped that normal-minded men may be brought to see that lying for political purposes is just as much a stain upon their characters as lying in business, or in their private relations with their fellow citizens. Their reform, however, depends upon a change in the ethical standards of the community in general, and not until "the religion of politics" becomes to some degree amenable to the moral standards of religion itself can we hope that the liar in politics will suffer the same contempt and disapproval as the liar in life.

Otherwise, the whole political structure of the country may suffer a dangerous strain. Politicians are supposed to be of all men the most sensitive to what is being said about them, at least "back home," among the voters; but apparently the only things that they pay serious attention to are the remarks which seem to bear upon their chances of holding their jobs. We doubt that they have anything like an adequate knowledge of how widely and generally the people have lost confidence in the integrity and ability of politicians as a class. There is as yet no movement in the United States really threatening the representative system as such, which system in many European countries has been swept away or undermined to the point of collapse by movements that began with the same loss of confidence that is beginning to show in the United States; but things may begin to move in that direction. If they do, it will be the cynical disregard for honor and truth and honesty in politics which will cause the change. We are not economists, and cannot dogmatically assert that the gold standard, in finance, is the only dependable one; but we are positive that only the gold of truth can be the safe criterion of human actions. A double standard of morality in public affairs will lead to the ruin of society.

WEEK BY WEEK

Peter Speaks

PROBLEMS and issues of the most momentous kind were dealt with by the Pope in his Christmas allocution to the cardinals. Not until we have an opportunity to study the complete text of the address will it be possible to form a correct idea of the relative proportion and importance of the subjects emphasized by the Holy Father. The press furnished many versions, the correspondents of the great newspapers and news associations stressing various items differently. Apart, however, from the subject of Christian marriage, to which a special encyclical letter is to be devoted, and the matter of anti-Catholic propaganda and attempted proselytism in Rome, all the news and reports place particular emphasis upon what the Pope said regarding international peace, and the international problem of unemployment and economic crisis. There was not merely an expression of well-grounded hope, there was also the gravest of warnings in what Pius XI said concerning war. He declared that he was unable to believe that any nation would be "so monstrously homicidal and so almost certainly suicidal as to will a new war." Should, however, any nation take to that dreadful road, against it should be directed the scriptural warning: "Let those people who will war be scattered." Surely the Pope's words in fact would be realized by the just anger of any people rushed or maneuvered into war by their government or rulers. And in terms that are unmistakably stern he went on to condemn the competition for imperialistic power, based on "selfish and hard nationalism," dominating over "true and genuine love of country," which makes it difficult for the world to achieve permanent peace. But the peace which the world should seek, he declared, should not be "a confused and hazy sentiment of pacifism, because the only real peace is that which comes from God, the only Being capable of giving this precious and enduring fruit."

THE SAME foundation which the Pope declared to be essential to world peace, he would have the world's secular leaders employ in dealing with the economic crisis, described by him as having more far-reaching effects than any previous depression in the world's history. It demonstrated the necessity of "a better social and international adjustment inspired by greater justice and by Christian charity." An adjustment must be sought "which without upsetting the order established by Divine Providence would make fraternal collaboration possible and effective among the classes and the people." Such an adjustment, he said, should take the place of "unbridled competition, which is dangerous to financial and economic conditions." The stimulus which the Holy Father's forcible reiteration of the teachings of the Church should have upon the groups and individuals who have been struggling to bring ethical conceptions back to their proper place in

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economics and public affairs, should be most helpful. So far as our own country is concerned, that task is preëminently the business of the Department of Social Welfare of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. We hope and we believe that the efforts of that department—backed as they are by the authoritative approval of the bishops—will this year greatly increase in their effectiveness.

Germany Decides

ON THE whole, the sessions of the Reichstag which preceded acceptance of the government's program were orderly. The inevitability of financial restrictions seems to have been realized by the great majority of the members, though there were moments when sharp differences of opinion regarding this or that aspect of the Bruening plan threatened to separate one or the other group from the coalition which had rallied to the support of the Center. It was likewise apparent that since the law had been put into effect by means of a mandate, the only course open to the opposition was the exceedingly perilous one of undoing the work accomplished during many hard weeks of debate in the ministries, the cabinet and the Reichsrat. As a matter of fact, extremists of the Right and Left expended most of their energy in discussions—either official or quite unmistakably not official—of foreign policy. Perhaps the most amusing of these was the endeavor of Hitlerites, presumably led by their star stump-speaker, Herr Goebbels, to prevent a showing of "All Quiet on the Western Front." This film, modified considerably to conform with German requirements, was adjudged too pacifistic to please the taste of sundry young nationalists too young to have witnessed the scenes which the screen depicts. The most serious, no doubt, were the hectic orations against the Polish government to which several members of the Reichstag treated themselves. In view of the circumstance that the Hitlerites undoubtedly have a far larger following than their strength in the national assembly indicates, this disposition to emphasize foreign relations is most interesting. It may indicate that Herr Hugenberg has not been so incorrect in his judgment of the Fascists as many have assumed. If Hitler—who may fairly be held to view the strength of his following with some elated astonishment—soft-pedals his economic theories and goes in for target practice, Europe may yet take him very seriously.

POSSIBLY the most significant thing in the new reform program is the disposition made of the government subsidies to the insurance against joblessness. Hitherto this sum, an unknown quantity owing to the unpredictability of the number of unemployed, was not specified, so that it was impossible to fix a budget in advance. The present fixed allotment is heavy, but has to a great extent been formed by curtailing the salaries of public officials from the President down. As is well known, German employment insurance is in force during two separate and successive periods. If after this an individual is still out of work, he becomes an object of charity for the city or district in which he lives. Since, therefore, the outlook for a marked trade revival is pretty bleak, it may be considered certain that before the winter is over various municipalities and provinces will find themselves hard pressed to supply "welfare" funds. Berlin, already on the verge of bankruptcy, has just imposed another 10 percent tax on beverages served in restaurants. The central government is, however, without authority to demand that salaries shall be curtailed or expenses cut in local governments. So far efforts to reach an understanding have not been markedly successful. Accordingly the hinge upon which the immediate German future must turn is an object of speculation. It is an exceedingly difficult situation in an exceedingly difficult time. Should the German social system endure the test of this trial, it will merit the admiration of the world.

Tardieu Departs

SEEN in retrospect, the fall of the Tardieu cabinet is an interesting commentary on the nature of current statesmanship in France. This always reckons as carefully with a modicum of bluff as does a good poker game. During recent seasons the Premier had spoken like a diluted Fascist and so earned the support of a fairly reactionary coalition buttressed upon a firm foreign policy. Meanwhile, however, the Chamber itself has longed since 1928 for a "republican coalition"; and Tardieu's success in staving it off must be attributed first of all to his opportunistic skill and second to the fact that he has always been entirely willing to support Briand. Though his addresses smack a little of Napoleonic phraseology, he has endorsed the Young Plan and assented to the evacuation of the Rhineland. But along came the Oustric scandal. Though not himself involved in this painful disturbance, Tardieu could not clear his followers in the Chamber. The Senate was therefore given an opportunity to undermine the Premier's self-confident attitude, to force him into attempting last-minute approaches to Left politicians hitherto scorned, and finally to effect his dismissal as a prelude to a new realignment of the parties. Doubtless this scene makes its own point. France is fortunate in possessing statesmen who, possibly out of sheer love for the sport, have built up a neatly balanced government which need not always bite where it barks—which, in short, can at almost any given moment unify public opinion as an international instrument. When Briand wished to make no further concessions, he could point with a shrug of the shoulders to Tardieu; when Tardieu confronted a good Geneva bargain, he could make a reactionary speech and yet shake hands with Briand. Such men will not be kept out of office too long. There are very few, indeed, to compete with them in political skill tempered with a far-seeing patriotism.

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Saint Thomas's Teacher

THE RECENT centenary of Albertus Magnus was observed in almost all Catholic academic circles of Germany. Particularly impressive was the Berlin ceremony, at which the rector of the university and Professor Romano Guardini spoke. From several points of view the work of Guardini is directly comparable with that done centuries ago by the great teacher of Saint Thomas. His regular courses of instruction form without a doubt the most significant Catholic intellecual event in contemporary Germany. At present, for instance, he is lecturing about the Church, Dante and Saint Paul's Epistles. Age-old Catholic doctrines and mysticism, the import of which has to a considerable extent been lost during centuries of rationalism, are brought to the surface once again in addresses which are lucid and yet astonishingly profound. It is not easy to follow the trend of Guardini's discourse, though any given part of it seems limpid and even simple. The classroom in which he presides is, however, always crowded to the doors with young people—not a few of them non-Catholics—who listen with rapt attention to the end. To one acquainted with English literature the apparition is remarkably like what one fancies the presence of Newman at Oxford must have been. The clear voice of the speaker, his ascetic though kindly face, the drift of his slowly unfolding, perfect sentences—all are reminiscent. Beyond any question, the influence here exerted is one of the notable educational phenomena of present-day Germany.

New York Police

THE GRADUATION exercises of the Police College of the New York Police Department on Monday, December 22, when 420 well developed specimens of humanity were accorded their introduction to police life, before an audience that jammed Madison Square Garden to the roof, provided an opportunity for General Haskell and the Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War of the United States, to praise the New York Police Department heartily. At no time for a score of years has it been more opportune for such words of praise. Both Secretary Hurley and General Haskell called attention to the fact that while the police have been unfavorably criticized because of the presence among them of a few grafters, or men who were ready to take advantage in the meanest and most underhand way of women of both good and bad character for the sake of the few dollars they could obtain, at worst a score or more of the police had been involved in these scandals, while the department comprises some 20,000 men. To blame the whole police force for this would be as if we were to condemn the whole legal profession, or feel that it had been smirched beyond extenuation, because many lawyers have proved traitors to their trusted attorneyship in these vice cases. It is an unfortunate quality of news that the unpleasant exceptions are emphasized.

GENERAL HASKELL, whose long experience in the handling of men gives him a right to an opinion in the matter, did not hesitate to declare that he thought New York possessed the finest body of men in any police department in the world. The Secretary of War not only reëchoed that sentiment, but added much more in praise of the training method of the Department of Police in New York and the success that it had achieved in turning out graduate recruits who are manifestly in the best of condition physically and who are prepared mentally for that loyalty and devotion to duty which means so much in the life of a policeman. Let us not forget that a score of the New York police have bravely gone to death for the sake of law and order in New York within the last year, and that there are ever so many others among them ready to face like danger and death in the pursuit of duty in the suppression of crime. In any body of men so large as this there is sure to be, in spite of training and the effort at discipline of spirit, a sprinkling of scoundrels. They would be more than human if that were not so. What is surprising is that, considering their opportunities and the temptations by which the police are beset, there are so few failures among them. Certainly the spirit of the addresses at the graduation exercises was such as to encourage every policeman with the inspiring thought that the straight path of duty is the only one that will lead to promotion in the department and bring with it that satisfaction with life which means more than anything else. There is a field for legitimate ambition within the police department, and there is besides an *esprit de corps* in the force itself that makes the great majority of the men proud to belong to it, and that is the way it should be.

Perverted Childhood

WE HAVE alluded in another place to the words of warning and direction to the bewildered world spoken by the Pope in his Christmas allocution. It will be a long time, however, before the many applications and implications of his address can be exhausted by discussion. And we find ourselves returning to it as we try to determine the source or meaning of the almost indefinable sense of disgusted horror which we feel in reading the accounts of the "anti-religious circus" held by and for the Young Pioneers, the children's organization of the Communists, in New York on Christmas Day. "God and his harem of angels" were presented in a ballet in which the little children danced around a tree "decorated with pictures of capitalists." "Religion" was "knocked out," in a burlesque prize-fight with its conquering opponent, "Science." Little girls dressed as nuns, with crosses on their backs, "made mocking gestures." And there were many other travesties—"Religion doping the minds of the workers" being prominent among them. Some fifteen hundred little children and adult members of or followers of the Communist party filled the hall.

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IF THE report published by the New York *Times* truthfully rendered the general atmosphere and effect of the "circus," it was all very tame, and labored, and perfunctory, and apparently even the children did not have a very jolly time. Nevertheless, there hangs over the scene, to our way of thinking, a miasma deadlier than the poisonous fog which killed the peasants of Belgium. That host of little children—led and drilled by others, mocking maliciously all that the Babe of Bethlehem came into the world to teach, on the very day sacred to His birth—cannot in any way be blamed. But we think, as we remarked above, of what the Holy Father said (in referring to those who dishonor the sacrament of matrimony), when he made use of Christ's own warning: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." It is true that the little ones who took part in that obscene farce in New York were not—probably most of them never have been—believers in Jesus Christ, in the full meaning of the words. But that almost from their cradles they should be seized upon and perverted away from the truth that Christ came to teach the world—saying, with particular force, "Suffer little children to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—is more of an offense to the children themselves, and an injury, and an abomination, than it can be to all others. Surely Christendom is called to a new crusade by the menace of this.

Dollar Danger

AT A TIME when there is no more obvious or broader target for the missiles of the subversive foes of society than the tragic contrast between the swollen wealth of a small minority of Americans and the desperate poverty of millions of unemployed workers, the address of Cardinal O'Connell to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Boston should attract unusual attention. He applies once again that standard of sane common sense, of reasonable distinction between the proper use and the abuse of wealth, which is an integral part of Christian philosophy, but which is impatiently disregarded by doctrinaire reformers, and which is too often neglected or ignored even by Catholics who come into possession of great wealth. No one could more clearly see and express the national danger which the growth of vast wealth in the hands of a few presents, when the rich men forget "the great principle of devoting life and fortune to the welfare of the country which Washington and Carroll and Adams so nobly exemplified." The use of money and social position in the sense of stewardship, and not merely for selfish gratification and personal power, is what Cardinal O'Connell desiderates. He points out that there are many examples of such stewardship, but also he cannot ignore the fact that "with the acquisition of great wealth there has grown up an almost insane greed and vanity on the part of some of the rich who have suddenly and without proper preparation, either mental or moral, found themselves, either by fair means or foul, the possessors of millions upon millions. They can still only think of the possession of this immense wealth, without much knowledge of how to use it except for their own glory and vanity. The obvious and natural result of this condition is a deterioration of the moral and mental fiber into a coarseness and vulgarity that has become an open shame to all who love America and desire the perpetration of her ideals and institutions." That it is not wealth in itself, but the greed and the apathy of the rich, which the poor grow first to resent and finally to avenge, is well observed by the cardinal. When the flames of such resentment are fanned by the deliberate propaganda of social revolutionaries, fires are lit which many times in history have ravaged a nation. France and Russia point the moral. Revolutions can sometimes be charged to a delinquent and anti-social aristocracy.

FOR OUR ADMIRATION

THE ROBUSTNESS of our nuns is constantly amazing. The sentimental and traditional ignorance that depicts them as fragile and infinitely pathetic creatures is so far from the truth, yet it persists so, that we cannot resist making another attempt to dispel it. The idea that our Sisters shut themselves off from the world—that they are impractical, and parasitic on the practical worldings—is so false, yet so prevalent an idea. To one who really knows them, their serene efficiency is as typical of them as their cheerfulness. That modern type of sophistication which leeringly imputes mean motives as being the basic realities of course cannot understand that there can be exquisite refinement in virtue, in sweetness; that as there are natures which unfortunately approach absolute depravity and evil, there can also be natures which aspire to, which devote as nearly as possible every waking moment to, obvious and unequivocal goodness.

True, the Church does in its Catholicity have its extremes of sheltered lives devoted solely to the contemplation of God, but even these do so for eminently practical reasons—because of charity, the greatest of the virtues: for they seek to atone for the lack of recollection of their high spiritual heritage on the part of those who are indifferent to or who contemn God and the potential cultivation of ultimate good. As for the others, and they may safely be said to be the rule rather than the exception, those who are devoted to corporal works of mercy—teaching the young and caring for the sick, the orphaned, the poor and the aged—their courage and energy is, as we have said, to anyone that can speak from personal observation, truly phenomenal. Whether it be explained in the terms of the order and rule of reason of their lives, or in the terms of spiritual grace and sustenance, they seem to have the key to whatever is the very opposite of worldly weariness and lethargy. The prayer,

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"I will go in to the altar of God. To God, who giveth joy to my youth," seems to have been answered literally with them. They have that matutinal reinterest in life that those of us who are no longer young can remember as the perhaps most precious possession of youth: a disinclination to go to bed for fear of missing even one moment of the glorious possibilities of life, and a glad bound of awakening, "Ah, here is another day, how wonderful!" They have really become as little children, happy in the house of the Father.

Not only at home in the convent around the corner but in every corner of the globe, they are busy. Though it may complicate the unity of our thought, we cannot refrain from calling attention in what follows to how opposite to what it is commonly represented to be on the non-believing stage and in general in magazines and books is the reality of the life of a missionary nun.

The Bengalese News Service prompted us to these reflections with an excerpt from the letter of a Sister in St. Francis Xavier's Convent, Dacca, Bengal, India: "Barely was breakfast over this morning when the door bell hurriedly called Reverend Mother to the entrance. Why such violent ringing? Would it be the mailman with a parcel? For even in India he can be in a hurry sometimes. It was no mailman on this occasion, but a parcel nevertheless, carried by a young Hindu woman and rolled up in the end of her sari. 'Take this baby and keep it,' she said. 'The mother is dead and the father does not want it.' The appeal was short and pressing. The pitiful little bundle of nine days was quickly taken over and carried off to the nursery. As the arrival was unexpected in 'Babyland,' a search for clothes and the preliminaries for a bath had first to be made. Then word was sent to Reverend Father that a new baby had arrived and needed to be baptized as soon as possible, for it looked ill. It was not difficult to find a patron saint for the little mite as it was the feast of All Saints. The girl who stood godmother picked on 'Mary Agnes,' a fine big name for such a wee baby, weighing just two pounds. After baptism there was no christening party. That will be held in heaven. We are too poor over here.

"Reverend Mother was still in the nursery when the doorbell rang again. This time it was an old Mohammedan woman who came to ask the Sisters to visit her husband, a poor mason. His foot had been crushed by a heavy stone. Bandages and iodine were quickly at hand, and off went two Sisters to the relief of the sufferer.

"A few minutes after, the portress called Reverend Mother to the parlor, as Her Ladyship, Miss Hafiz of the Nabob's household, wanted to be admitted into our day-school. This is the eighth pupil from the Nabob's family. 'Well,' said Mother as the grand automobile passed out through the gate, 'it's from the beggar to the aristocracy this morning.'

"It was nearly time for dinner when two Christian women from Solepore arrived with a boy suffering from a sore foot. They begged that two Sisters might accompany them to the hospital, adding: 'If the Sisters do not go with us, the Dr. Babu will cut off the boy's leg.' And well it was that they did go. On arriving at the first ward they had the chance to cool the brow of a dying infant as well as that of an old man with the life-giving waters. As the Sisters left the bedside of the man they said to him, 'And we shall pray for you.' 'Oh come and pray now, just now,' said he in a pleading, broken voice. The Sisters turned back and recited the Hail Mary, which he tried to repeat for the first and surely the last time. Let us hope he will be in heaven ere the feast of All Saints is over. At present the hospital is crowded. Many patients have to be laid on the floor from want of vacant beds. As the Sisters left the hospital, a carriage drew up near the gate with a cholera patient. The Sisters noticed that the poor sufferer was at the point of death. The jolting of the vehicle was responsible for the sudden change in the man's condition. A student happened to be near. He and the driver placed the dying man on the ground. A glass of water was brought. The Sisters asked to be allowed to give it to the man, while at the same time they tried to whisper the words of life. The man died after a few seconds.

"And what did the rest of the community and the orphans do during the morning? Well, they were busy preparing for the Corpus Christi procession which in India is postponed to the first Sunday in November. A repository will be erected in our grounds. Little hands were eagerly sweeping the compound, breaking the branches off the trees in order to make garlands to decorate the church for the great occasion, while some of the senior girls who awaited the arrival of Dr. Sen for a lecture on St. John's Ambulance, looked with sorry eyes from the classroom, preferring the excitement of swinging brooms, raising the dust, etc., to a hygiene lecture.

"Here, then, you have an account of one little morning's happenings in India. Who would not like to be a mission Sister after this?"

Who could question the health and vigor of this Sister after that last sentence—that question which assumes that opportunities for works of mercy are really the greatest things that life has to offer? "Live dangerously," counseled Neitzche to his supermen of selfishness. And how many do? Rather are they to be found in the soft places living easily. It is the simple and generous that live dangerously and think nothing of it. They even joyfully lay down their lives from that love in their hearts which is the very opposite of sensuality or selfishness.

In the modern world where sophistication seems to take the curious form of seeking to find matters for contempt and derision, Catholics and all those of good-will may certainly consider themselves specially blessed that the Faith gives them so much that they can wholeheartedly admire in the refinement and devotion of human nature.

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HIGH WAGES AND UNEMPLOYMENT

By JOHN A. RYAN

It is familiar to most of our readers that Dr. Ryan is director of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and professor of industrial ethics at the Catholic University of America. He is, in other words, one of the experts and leaders in giving direction to the Catholic Church's influence on living conditions in America. His considered opinion on most pressing economic problems of the day is interesting for the sound analysis and clear counsels it expresses and for its demonstration of the Church's beneficent alertness for the welfare of all men.—THE EDITORS.

HIGH wages mean a level of remuneration which is above the existing average. If the general average is somewhere around twelve hundred dollars per year, then high wages mean something more than that amount. High wages are demanded by justice for three reasons. First, in order to provide the equivalent of a decent livelihood for all those who are now living below that level. If the average remuneration of unskilled laborers is about one thousand dollars a year, it should be raised to at least fifteen hundred dollars in order to provide means of bringing up a family according to a minimum standard of decency and comfort. In the second place, something more than a mere living wage is due in justice to all those workers who possess unusual skill, undergo unusual risks, perform exceptionally disagreeable tasks or turn out more than the average amount of product. Finally, all workers should receive something more than living wages if the industries are capable of producing sufficient goods. In our own country this condition is already realized.

A few weeks ago Mr. Lamont, the Secretary of Commerce, declared that during the existing depression employers had, in the main, refrained from reducing wages. In so far as this is true, it represents a new departure. In previous periods of hard times, employers generally endeavored to reduce wages and prices in order to increase the demand for goods and thus bring about a return of prosperity. At present, no important employer publicly assents to the theory which underlay this practice. Almost all business men now admit that wages must be kept high in order to preserve the effective demand of the community. This is the correct theory. Since wages constitute only a part of the cost of production, a decrease of, say, 25 percent will not economically justify an equal reduction in prices. Hence the workers will not be able to buy as much as they could have bought had both wages and prices remained high. Nor will the deficiency in working-class demand be made up through increased purchases by the other classes. Owing to their more ample incomes and purchasing power, the latter do not desire additional goods as strongly as the former. Moreover, the policy of reducing prices through reduced wages involved a violation of distributive justice, inasmuch as it gives to the other classes the benefit of price reductions which are brought about at the expense of the workers alone.

The theory of high wages as a preventive of unemployment and depression is in obvious contradiction to the classical economic assumption that general overproduction is impossible. "A supply of goods is always a demand for goods," is the convenient formulation of the ancient and antiquated assumption. Its falsity is easily illustrated by the present condition of the market for automobiles. The manufacturers thereof possess a very large potential demand for other goods. It is not an actual demand for finished goods, since they already possess these in abundance. Nor is it an actual demand for capital goods; for additional quantities of these cannot be profitably operated. There is no remunerative demand for the products of new automobile factories, textile mills, railroads, chain stores, banks or any other instruments of production. If additional plants were built they could not be operated at a profit. Their products could not be sold at remunerative prices. The manufacturers of all other excess products (which means today all the staple products) are in precisely the same position. They do not wish to exchange their surplus for consumption goods because they already possess sufficient of these, nor for capital goods because they realize that they could not operate the latter profitably. Hence their surplus supply of goods is not an actual demand for other goods.

In the face of this obvious fact, it is astonishing to find so progressive an economist as Professor Paul H. Douglas giving utterance to the antiquated fallacy that it makes no difference how purchasing power is distributed, that a surplus in the hands of the rich will constitute a demand for new capital goods, which means a demand for labor to produce such goods. All purchasing power, he contends in effect, is "either spent on commodities or it is invested." In the latter case, "it goes toward the creation of capital goods, which again leads to more employment" ("Machinery and Unemployment," in *Current History*, October, 1930). To be sure, if the surplus products of existing industries were always immediately exchanged for new capital goods, unemployment might be reduced to negligible proportions. But the possessors of the surplus are not so foolish as to go on creating new factories, railroads, etc., for whose products they foresee no remunerative demand. The statement that purchasing power is all either exchanged for commodities or expended in the production of new capital is true only in prosperous times. In times of depression the surplus purchasing power either lies idle or is invested in

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already existing forms of capital. And the purchasing power transferred through the latter sort of transactions does not provide as large a demand for finished goods as would exist if those who obtain it were still receiving their former wages or other regular amounts of income.

A fresh refutation of the assumption that we are combating has been formulated by Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review,* January, 1931. He shifts the emphasis from the goods which provide potential demand to the kinds of persons who own these goods, in a mechanized system which has concentrated purchasing power "in the hands of those who are owners of businesses." The substance of his argument is as follows:

> Granting that the same amount of product is turned out after an extensive process of mechanization as before, but that the purchasing power is now concentrated in a smaller and wealthier section of the population, will the total demand for goods be as great as before?
>
> If one of the other basic assumptions of traditional economics were true, the answer would be, yes. This is the assumption that human desires are infinite, and it is fundamentally false. (No animosity, please understand, against conventional economists. But they have a heavy responsibility for the present situation, and must be prepared to face the music.) Looking into the infinite future, it might be possible to say that human desires are infinite. But at any given time, with respect to the types of goods that actually exist at that time, they are strictly limited. Any intelligent person can demonstrate this to himself. Let him imagine himself endowed with infinite purchasing power, and then let him ask himself how many grand pianos he would wish, or how many mansions, or how many steam yachts, automobiles or airplanes. He would realize that his desires for any and all of these things are strictly limited. Then let him descend to more prosaic matters, and ask himself how many suits of clothes, or pairs of shoes, or pounds of beefsteak, or theatre tickets, or golf balls he would buy in a year. By a simple process of self-examination it becomes clear that the total potential demand of any individual for all the types of material things that exist at any given time is a definitely limited quantity. . . .
>
> The general principle that emerges from this analysis is: The smaller the number of individuals in whose hands a given amount of income is concentrated, the smaller will be the effective demand for consumable goods represented by that income. If another *reductio ad absurdum* is needed to make this clear, it can be furnished by imagining that the total year's product of the economic plant of the United States were equally divided between two owners. To what extent would "goods exchange for goods"?
>
> This is the fatal quality of mechanization under private ownership. It tends to concentrate purchasing power more and more in the hands of those who already have an excess above their personal demands, and to remove it from those whose desires are far in excess of their purchasing power. The profit motive drives owners to divert income from the very channels which make profits possible. Business owners can be counted on to buy part of each other's product, but they will not buy it all, and the richer individually the owners are, the smaller the proportion of the product that will be bought.
>
> Instead of buying end products with all his income, the large income receiver invests a large portion of it. But investing simply means creating more machines, and a more capacious productive plant, thereby enlarging the volume of goods to be produced, while decreasing the proportionate demand for them.

It must be kept in mind, however, that overproduction in the United States is, in the main, potential rather than actual; that is, we have an excessive capacity for production in all our large industries. Goods are not manufactured and stored up in wasteful abundance. Moreover, the excess capacity is, for the most part, relative; that is to say, it is a capacity to produce more goods than can now be sold, instead of more than could be sold if certain classes in the community had the money to buy all that they desire. Therefore the real cause of the depression is not so much overproduction, as underconsumption.

In order to keep our industries going, it is necessary that the consuming power of those who would like to buy more should be increased. These are mainly the wage-earning classes. Occasionally, indeed, one still hears the objection that higher wages would be offset by higher prices, and that the last state of the wage earners would be at least as bad as the first. Even if we assume that all the increases in wages would be reflected in higher prices, the evil result just mentioned would not follow. Part of the higher prices would be paid by others than the wage earners and the others would continue to buy almost as much as before, because of their ample purchasing power. The general fact of the situation is that our industries can produce sufficient necessaries and comforts to provide more than a decent livelihood for all our people, and in addition are capable of turning out a vast amount of luxuries. The question before us is one of distribution. In the existing system distribution is effected through wages and prices. In order to bring about a more general distribution of goods, we must have a wider distribution of purchasing power. If this redistribution of purchasing power cannot be effected in the present industrial system, then the system is vitally defective and the sooner we realize it the better. The coexistence of the ability to produce more goods than the people need and the inability of millions to obtain the necessaries of life, constitutes a challenge to industrial leadership which cannot safely be ignored.

Although Mr. Lamont is right in asserting that employers have done much more to keep up wages during the present depression than in any former like emergency, the October Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, "Trend of Employment and Labor Turnover," tells us that while the level of employment in manufacturing industries in October, 1930, was 20 percent below the level of October, 1929, the pay roll totals were 28.9 percent lower. This excess of nearly

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9 percent in the wage decline over the decline in employment shows that a great many employers have reduced wage rates. Not all of them were compelled to adopt this course. Some of them could have kept their pay roll at the former level and still obtained fair profits and a fair rate of interest on their investment. Others could have done so, had they been willing to accept a lower rate of interest or no interest at all. In these circumstances they ought to have kept up wages even at the expense of dividends, at least as regards those employees who could not have suffered a reduction without falling below the level of decent living. In other words, the moral claim to interest or dividends is inferior to the moral claim to living wages. Had this principle been accepted and carried out by all the employers of the country, pay roll totals in the manufacturing industries would not have fallen 29 percent between October, 1929, and October, 1930; the demand for goods would now be considerably greater than it is and the number of unemployed considerably less. This is what employers could do toward maintaining high wages.

Labor unions are undoubtedly one of the most powerful factors, if not the most powerful, in securing high levels of wages. This result is due not only to their specific action on behalf of their members, but also to their insistent preaching of the doctrine that industrial prosperity depends primarily on the possession of high purchasing power by the workers. The great limitation to the effectiveness of the unions with regard to high wages is, of course, the fact that they include only a small minority of the workers.

Probably the most rapidly effective means of securing and maintaining high wage rates would be a shorter working day, or a shorter working week, or both. Reduction of working time would create a larger demand for labor and automatically bring about higher rates of remuneration. The objection that no advantage can be obtained through a reduction of the per capita production of the workers is based upon a fallacy. It assumes that an enlarged share of a smaller total product could not amount to an absolute increase over their present share of a greater total product. We cannot too often repeat that the problem before us is not one of production, but of distribution. If a shorter work day implies an undesirable waste of machinery through idleness, the easily available remedy is to operate the plants in two shifts per day. This would also be the natural recourse in any industry that could not turn out sufficient goods in the reduced working time to supply all the demand.

Finally, we must notice the objection that the lessened amount of products which might result from the shorter working time would be an obstacle to progress. It all depends on what we mean by progress. Just why a people should spend its time in turning out and consuming a hundred kinds of luxuries which minister only to material wants, instead of obtaining leisure for the enjoyment of the higher goods of life is not easily perceptible. After all, neither production nor consumption is an end in itself. The former is only a means to the latter and the latter is beneficial only in so far as it is exercised upon goods which promote genuine human welfare.

IN REMEMBRANCE

By FRANCES BOARDMAN

ONE WINDY morning of February, 1919, I arrived in Iowa's capital city, confronted by the duty of interviewing for a St. Paul newspaper the Right Reverend Austin Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Des Moines. He had just been appointed successor to the late Archbishop Ireland as head of the metropolitan province of St. Paul. I knew next to nothing about either Des Moines or its bishop, and called the episcopal residence on the telephone with mixed apprehensions as to the hypothetical variety of red tape involved in arranging an audience.

There was no red tape; not an inch of it. His Grace came personally to the telephone, and in my first experience of his singularly attractive voice, invited me to call as early as I might find it convenient. It was characteristic of him, I afterward learned, that he said nothing at all about his own convenience.

While driving out to his house it occurred to me that I had nothing in the way of credentials, not even a professional card. If my unsupported word as to my identity and mission were unconvincing, I should have to do something or other about it. But here again I might have spared all concern; it would never have entered His Grace's mind that he was important enough to be the object of a disingenuous scheme.

The agreeable implications of his voice were quickly validated by his exceptionally charming manner, a charm largely compounded of gentle simplicity and forceful sincerity. And I found that the most humorous pair of eyes I have ever seen did not belie their owner. For me the morning passed with incredible swiftness. His Grace seemed completely to forget that he was sitting for a typographical portrait designed to introduce him to a new and deeply concerned, not to say highly curious, constituency. At the same time, he was keenly interested in the fact that, by virtue of nativity and tradition, I was able to answer some of the questions he posed so eagerly on the subject of his new domain.

"You see," he said, "I don't know anything about Minnesota; I only know I'm dismayed at having to succeed so great a personage as Archbishop Ireland."

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In the absorbing interest of the conversation I nearly forgot how emphatically I had been requested to acquire some new photographs of the bishop. When the matter was explained to him he hesitated just a moment, then said, "Very well—if that's a necessary part of it I'm sure we can make suitable arrangements." Most people either very much want to be photographed, or very much don't want to be; only the choice few can approach it with the same casualness which recognizes the fleeting importance of such things. And in any case, the actual session with the camera is wont to be trying, as any reporter will testify, because it almost invariably means self-consciousness on the sitter's part, and self-consciousness takes many surprising forms. But here there was no vestige of it: merely an indulgently humorous attitude toward the whole feverish business of newspaper exploitation. With quiet amiability he obeyed the photographer's suggestions, though obviously reserving the right to be amused by them, and the pictorial result was a series of delightful likenesses.

Except for the very brief and formal encounters incidental to the duty of reporting his elevation and installation, I saw nothing of the new archbishop for a year after his arrival in St. Paul. At the end of that time an editorial suggestion was made to the effect that an interview would be appropriate, since His Grace must have accumulated an interesting set of new impressions. However, while he played host once more with the engaging responsiveness and quiet courtesy which always characterized his social presence, he made it unequivocally clear that a published interview would be distasteful to him.

"I've done nothing yet," he said, "to entitle me to an interview. And besides, I deprecate any unnecessary exploitation of the higher clergy. It simply makes people say, and justifiably, I think, 'If the bishop's going to get the credit, let him do the work!' So couldn't we just have an unofficial visit?"

To be impressed by the full significance of what may seem like trivial incidents, one must perhaps have had much to do with prominent people of all kinds. The staff of a daily paper is a good reviewing-stand from which to survey the daily parade, and also from which to diagnose its individual members' estimate of their value to the scene. All this being so, I can say with a truly reverent spirit of appreciation that Archbishop Dowling was as completely unaware of his personal importance as a little child might have been. And this notwithstanding the fact that it was a real importance, legitimately conferred by the possession of extraordinary spiritual, intellectual and administrative gifts.

In a community where he was easily the leading church dignitary, he was also one of the most inconspicuous citizens. It is true that even the most detached outsider gradually became conscious of his influence, at least in its more palpable forms, such as numerous strikingly fine architectural achievements. It is true, too, that the more or less initiated saw interesting and significant developments in connection with all the diocesan schools. But while such evidence spoke for him in a certain indirect way, St. Paul as a whole knew almost nothing of the man responsible for them. There never was a man who honestly cared less for personal recognition.

Many times during the years that followed that first meeting in Des Moines I wished that opportunity might help me to repeat its unforgettable pleasure. But realizing how tremendous were the inescapable archiepiscopal duties, I could see no reasonable way of adding the presence of an outsider with no greater claim on His Grace's notice than just the desire to hear him talk. However, after the passing of nearly a decade, when illness had forced his semi-retirement, circumstances brought it about that I was privileged to pick up the broken threads of acquaintanceship. It resulted in long, informal conversations about all sorts of things, while we sat in his personal study, a room literally overflowing with books, and with windows which gave on a wide, sweeping view of the city and the Mississippi River. I used sometimes to wonder whether his eyes ever grew weary of that scene, and longed for the ocean vistas of his boyhood. But I knew, too, that whatever he might be feeling, no faintest word of complaint or protest would pass his lips. His was a gallant soul as well as a patient one. Those casual afternoon talks gave me curiously clear flashes of insight into the beauty that can result when faith and intellect are brought into delicately perfect adjustment to one another. The thought suddenly came to me one day that there really are men as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.

One bleak, wintry afternoon just a week ago I sat in the archiepiscopal residence in St. Paul watching the snow swirl across the slippery pavement of the porch. In the next room lay the body of the man who, after years of brave fighting, had had to yield. I knew that, living and dead, he had been surrounded by every care that affection and tenderness could suggest, or true piety propose. Brought up a non-Catholic, I did not know the special prayers appropriate to the occasion.

Then I remembered those most heartbreakingly beautiful lines in all English poetry:

> . . . . Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

And I took a certain comfort in their exquisite fitness.

The Proud

They are the proudest who have met defeat,
  They are the proudest who must walk alone,
Cherishing the vanished and the sweet,
  Remembering blossoms broken on a stone.

Go softly, you who have no loss to weep,
  Who sink at night to deep, untroubled rest,
And envy the defeated who must keep.
  The ghost of beauty in an empty breast.

FRANCES M. FROST.

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VINE LEAVES AND ROSE PETALS

By LOUISE OWEN

IN THE fine old days when the women of the family brewed as well as baked, flowers were good for much more than ornamenting the house. The dandelion, which children love to pick and crumple in hot little hands; the cowslip that turns brook-banks golden; the poppy, mystic among flowers; even the rose, queen of the floral tribe—all contributed a certain savor, a delicate zest, to living.

Similarly, fruits were good for more than eating. All the lusciousness of pear and grape and apricot, all the color and scent of apple and peach, were esteemed for their fragrant decoctions as for their pleasant-tasting flesh. Such berries as elder, juniper and mulberry, not delicious in themselves, were made delicious by the intricacies of domestic art. More exotic products, fig, lemon, orange, ginger, honey and nuts and rose-water, were all offered on the shrine of Bacchus. Extraordinarily commonplace vegetables—beets, tomatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips—yielded drinks, as vinous and excellent as the finest grapes. And milk itself in all its innocency was rendered foamy and alcoholic by a short process of fermentation.

Our great-grandmothers and great-grand-aunts, for all their staid antiquity, knew much that was good about life. Not the least of this knowledge was a comprehensive sympathy for the secret potentialities of nature. Whereas many of us today look with an unseeing eye on fields of dandelion and on clumps of elderflower, where we behold clover destined only for the cow, daisies a menace to the farmer, quinces good for jelly, tomatoes that we will devour in salad form, whortleberries which we do not even recognize—there our perspicacious female ancestors discovered table wines, delicious to taste and beautiful to look upon. Their bottles and kegs showed every shade of red and yellow: the deep ruddy color of beet wine, the crimson of cherry, the rose-color of strawberry, the pale pink of rhubarb; the clear light yellow of parsnip wine, the somewhat deeper hue of raisin wine, the rich sparkle of cider wine, and pure gold of dandelion. Sugar wine was almost white, cherry bounce a red so dark it was almost black.

Most of these concoctions were fermented by the natural processes that are sealed in the veins of fruit and released when the fruit is crushed; some were assisted by the addition of a little yeast. A few, less ingenuous and perhaps more potent, were based on good whisky, plain spirits at eighteen proof, fine French brandy or the best sherry. Some were started with strong ale or new beer. But most of the table wines had no such artificial impetus. They were made of flower or fruit or berry, combined with sugar and yeast and often spices or herbs. A few were colored with burnt sugar or cochineal; most had no such cosmetical additions. The art of our ancestresses was almost purely a natural art.

In the greater part of sedate New England this wine-making was common; social custom demanded that cake and wine should be served to afternoon callers, as many of us now serve tea and sandwiches. And the actual making of the wines was a duty that devolved on the lady of the house herself: she prided herself on her skill and versatility, and on her recipes that had been in the family for generations. From her own garden she plucked flowers. Her own orchard and vegetable-patch supplied fruits and roots. Outlying woods and meadows contributed to her kitchen and cellar. Almost everything that grew was eligible for inclusion in her recipes; every season presented its peculiar offerings, from which the various juices were prepared.

Spring brought dandelions, cowslips, rhubarb and the sap of birch trees. Summer was lavish with materials: apricots, balm, blackberries, cherry and clover and currant, daisy, damson, gooseberry and elderberry, mulberry, juniper-berry, raspberry and strawberry, roses, walnut-leaves, and even scurvy-grass —which, however, "will drink brisk, but is not very pleasant, being here inserted . . . rather for the sake of health than for the delightfulness of its taste." With autumn came barley, apples, elderberries, pears and peaches, quinces and of course grapes. As for winter, that chary season included all sorts of roots, dried flowers and unexpected ingredients: turnips and beets and carrots and parsnips; fig wine and ginger wine; beer made of molasses or of hops; mead of honey; cock ale, which actually contained "a large cock, the older the better"—with all his bones broken! There was wine of lemons, oranges, raisins or sage; kumiss, which was fermented milk; and Saratoga wine, or English sack, which was made of rue, fennel roots and honey. Orgeat was not intoxicating, but was a sweet and refreshing drink of milk, cinnamon, blanched sweet almonds, sugar and a little rose-water. Palermo wine was made of raisins, with one sprig of dried wormwood added. Noyau was prepared from peach-kernels, bitter almonds, white French brandy, loaf sugar and rose-water. And the Tears of the Widow of Malabar—which should certainly be classified somehow with Lacrimae Christi—was an appetizing combination of plain spirits, bruised cloves, bruised mace, burnt sugar "to impart a slight color," white sugar, distilled rain-water and orange-flower water. It was "a pleasant liquor."

But belying the unsophistication of roots, leaves, flowers and all growing things, the domestic repertory included brandies, cordials and liqueurs, whose ultimate derivation was also the family garden. The

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flowers that gave their petals to the wine-cask, surrendered their souls to the family still. The blackberry that graced the table in jam-pot and in decanter, appeared further as a thick spicy cordial. The rose that made a ripe full-flavored wine—"having the whole scent and strength of roses in it"—made an equally delectable cordial; the leaves of full-blown red roses were steeped, and to the fragrant decoction were added white brandy, sugar and a small amount of coriander and cinnamon—a drink that could hardly have been sipped with reluctance! Almost more seductive was poppy brandy. For this the best and freshest poppies were used, with the black ends cut off; brandy was poured over them, then they stood in the sun for a week or more, and then the poppies were squeezed out by hand, the liquor was sweetened to taste and mixed with a small proportion of alkermes (whatever they were). There was a caraway brandy and a caraway cordial; a cordial of cinnamon, one of citron, and one of cloves. Gold cordial was made of angelica roots, caraway seeds, cinnamon, cloves, figs, licorice root, English saffron, rose-water and proof spirits. Its name was derived "from a quantity of gold-leaf being formerly added to it."

Liqueurs included: Eau Devine, made of spirits of wine, essence of lemons, bergamot and orange-flower water; Elephant's Milk, of gum benzoin, spirit of wine, sugar and water; Huile de Venus, which was a distillation of spirits of wine, the flower of the wild carrot and syrup of capillaire, colored with cochineal. For Lignodella, the thin peels of oranges and lemons were steeped in brandy or rum, then sugar, water, lemon-juice and orange-juice were added. Ratafia was a liquor prepared from various kinds of fruit, and was of different colors according to the fruit used. There were ratafias of angelica, of walnuts, of coffee, of black currants—*ratafias d'angélica, de bron de noix, de café, de cassis*. These were all produced by adding proof spirit to the fruit called for, and were generally spiced.

The wines were delicate in color and flavor; the brandies, cordials and liqueurs were drunk in small quantities. But belying this moderation there was one creation known as "Schiedams Schnapps, To Imitate," which was as fearful and notable a brew as any mixture we can find today. To good common gin, five over proof, were added honey, water, sugar syrup, spirits of nutmeg mixed with nitric ether, orange-flower water, acetic ether and oil of wintergreen. Even the famous Blue Blazer must yield precedence to such a terrific beverage!

The more-than-traditional economy of our ancestors went hand in hand even with their wine-making. After apricot wine was finished and bottled, their comment was: "The apricots make marmalade, and are very good for preserves." From the green pods of peas, simmered at length, and complemented with wood sage or hops, they made a passable beer. "Cheap and agreeable table beer" was made of molasses, water and yeast. "Sham champagne" contained no more than lemon, tartaric acid, race-ginger, sugar and water and yeast, and was ready to drink in two days. Noyau cordial was made, like Noyau, from bitter almonds, with sweet almonds added; it also contained lemon rind, cold boiled milk and old whisky. "The almonds that are strained from the liquor make a nice flavoring for puddings, by putting them in a wide-mouthed bottle and pouring whisky over them"!

But the soundest economy of all was the very foundation of the matter. For the most part, the essential ingredient of the wine cost practically nothing. The only expense involved in the manufacture of home-made wine was the outlay for sugar. The old-fashioned housekeeper made even the yeast that went into her products; for the rest, she stepped into her own back yard and gathered dandelions and daisies, or picked the roses and sage from her flower-beds and herb-garden, or shook the blossoms from the elder-bushes in field and wood. And the beautiful-colored, delicate-flavored results were far more pleasant, delicious and wholesome than the expensive, unauthentic, often unappetizing beverages that have replaced them. There are few persons who would not prefer the fragrance of blackberry wine to the pungent substitute of Italian manufacture that occasionally finds its place in the home. Almost anyone who once sampled beet wine, with its flavor almost indistinguishable from that of fine sherry, would find more enjoyment in drinking it than in consuming the nondescript port or sherry that is commonly procurable. Good home-brewed beer was infinitely better than commercial gin, and infinitely cheaper, and infinitely more healthy. Cider wine was as tasty and potent as champagne and was in fact such a near relation that it was (and perhaps still is) often disguised with gaudy bottle label and sold for the genuine article. Wine of roses, carnations, clove gilliflowers, violets, "or any other flower having a curious scent," had an appeal not only to the palate and the emotions, but to the imagination—that factor which is so lamentably absent from most of the drinking of this generation.

That was one of the finest qualities of home-made wine. But above all, this sylvan product was admirable for its combination of splendid characteristics. It was beautiful and good; it tickled the fancy and was kind to the pocketbook. It was easy to make, and quick to ripen; it was as alcoholic as one pleased. Moreover, it possessed the excellent qualification of wholesomeness: it did not cause deterioration of the "innards," jakey paralysis or delirium tremens. It is to be commended, if not manufactured—with a sigh for the rose-gardens of yesteryear, a bow to the ancestry that could give us Blue Laws, and Schiedam, Schnapps, To Imitate, and a loud hurrah for the jolly squire who said sometime in 1765: "In this manner the cider will keep sweet instead of becoming strong and heady. It may be kept in the cask or may be bottled as desired. *Post scriptum:* or it may be thrown out."

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SELLING POLITICS

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

SINCE merchandising, traditionally, is the flower of American genius it is not surprising that the business of selecting public officials has been placed on a plane with the selling of tooth paste. After all, the fundamental problem in both undertakings is the same: namely, to persuade the largest number of persons that a product bearing a particular label is more desirable than a competing product bearing another label. That the two products may have the same intrinsic content, is quite beside the point—at least until the general public finds it out and, even then, that which is backed by the more skilful advertising is likely to have the best sale.

Periodically the two great political parties appear before the American electorate like the sales managers of rival brands of tooth paste. Perhaps, like rival auctioneers would be a better way to put it. Each party has a commodity to sell, the same kind of commodity but distinguished by different labels, in other words the candidates for office. The problem of the merchandisers is to persuade the people that Senator Blah is a more desirable official than Senator Bluffer. Whichever party puts on the more efficient sales campaign makes the sale—its candidates are elected.

Analyzed down to fundamentals, that is all there is to a modern political campaign, and never was this better illustrated than in the 1930 congressional elections. In that campaign both parties set up high-powered publicity bureaus analogous in every way to the advertising staffs of more obvious merchandising organizations. No device known to the advertising profession was overlooked, from the publication of testimonials to Negro dialect performances by radio.

All human emotions played upon by the modern advertiser—fear, cupidity, even sex-consciousness—were utilized by the rival political sales managers. Slogans and catch phrases, those highly efficient substitutes for thought, so dear to the capable sales promoter, were scattered broadcast by the political auctioneers. Huge advertising budgets were the order of the day. Just how much was spent it is impossible to say at this writing because the final reports are not yet available. But each party has admitted expenditures running into the hundreds of thousands on their respective Washington headquarters alone.

Generally speaking, the effectiveness of advertising depends upon the degree of success attained in appeals to two basic human qualities: the acquisitive instinct which makes man desire a certain thing because he thinks it would be either pleasant or profitable to have it; and the instinct of fear which impels him to acquire something because it might be dangerous if he did not do so. "The skin you love to touch" and "Four out of five have it" will recall conspicuous examples of the two methods of appeal. Of course, there are endless variations of method in putting across these two ideas. There are scientific or pseudoscientific dissertations arguing the merits of a particular commodity, there is the testimonial racket, there is the method of public demonstration, and as many others as the fertility of the advertiser's imagination can devise. All of them were utilized by the political salesmen of 1930.

Perhaps because they were unburdened with the responsibility of running the government, the Democrats got the jump on the Republicans in starting their sales campaign. Whether that factor was responsible for Republican discomfiture in the elections, the reader will have to decide for himself. At any rate, early in 1929 the Democratic National Committee set up an expanded publicity bureau in Washington, headed by Mr. Charles Michelson, formerly chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York *World*. It was not until Mr. Michelson had been conducting an intensive publicity barrage for several months that the Republicans retaliated in kind. Then they employed Mr. James L. West, star reporter and White House correspondent for the Associated Press, and the battle was joined. Viewed in retrospect, while the election results would indicate that Mr. Michelson won a decisive victory, it must be conceded that he operated at a tremendous advantage over Mr. West. To stand outside and heave bricks against a house is much easier than for one inside the house to throw through a window and hit an agile or, possibly, ambushed foe. Moreover, a party out of power has as many qualified spokesmen as it has public men of sufficient prominence to get their opinions into the newspapers. The party in power has only one spokesman whose utterances carry any real authority, and the dignity of the Presidency prevents him from rushing into print daily on partisan controversies, even if he were disposed and qualified to do so.

In the field of commercial advertising the current trend is apparently toward emphasis on the horrible things which may happen to you if you do not buy the advertiser's wares. You will develope pyorrhea, or halitosis, or fallen arches, or bunions, or maybe insomnia. If you neglect to purchase a certain kind of skid chain, your wife and family will be killed. Your failure to acquire a particular brand of storage battery or motor oil will certainly mean that you will be stranded forty miles from the nearest service station, probably in a blizzard.

So it is not surprising that Mr. Michelson and Mr. West devoted a considerable part of their tremendous energies to the manufacturing of political hobgoblins with which to scare the electorate. Necessarily also, each spent some time turning out anti-goblin serum de-

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signed to counteract the poison generated by the other's creations.

Thus, when Mr. Michelson's choir of trained seals (i. e., senators and others whose names were attached to the statements issuing from Democratic headquarters) chanted litanies about the "Hoover panic," Mr. West trained a few Republican seals to make the responses that "Raskob did it." In this interchange both sales managers were banking on reactions generated by fear. Those who had lost money in the stock market debacle and who could be induced to believe that Mr. Hoover was responsible, would naturally turn on Mr. Hoover's party at the polls. Likewise those who might be induced to believe that the Democratic chairman, John J. Raskob, brought on the depression in order to discredit the Republican administration, would certainly show no partiality toward the Democratic candidates.

"Grundyism" and "Tammany" were two other favorite bogy men conjured up, or at least exploited assiduously, for the purpose of playing upon the fears of the voters. Democratic spokesmen functioning through Mr. Michelson's nimble typewriter never tired of discoursing about the "Grundy billion dollar tariff." At the same time Mr. West's statement-makers concentrated on the New York City judiciary scandals, and Republican headquarters distributed thousands of copies of a cartoon depicting an aldermanic tiger auctioning off judgeships to the highest bidders. The fact that neither Mr. Grundy nor anyone intimately associated with Tammany Hall was running for any important office, apparently made no difference. The public was threatened with the possibility that, if the Republicans won, the nation would be milked dry through exorbitant tariff duties for the benefit of Mr. Grundy's Pennsylvania manufacturers; or that, if the Democrats were victorious, every office in Washington from a seat on the Supreme Court bench to janitorships in the public buildings would be for sale. Apparently, both sides convinced a substantial number of voters.

While the business of parading specters across the political scene occupied most of the time and energies of the rival publicity chiefs, both sides also utilized the other cardinal principle of advertising psychology by trying to arouse the voters' longing for utopian conditions which—depending upon who was speaking at the moment—could be attained only by electing Republicans or Democrats.

Chairman Raskob, in a radio address, painted a glowing picture of a universal five-day week for industry, with everyone earning enough to utilize the two-day leisure period in orgies of increased consumption, which in turn would call for increased productivity and more and better jobs. The Republicans countered with pamphlets and speeches lauding Mr. Hoover's stand in favor of high wages, the benefits enacted for World War veterans during Republican administrations, and dissertations on the number of bathtubs in American homes.

Both sides labored mightily in the coining of phrases designed to fill the same need for which slogans are utilized in the advertising columns. The "Hoover market" of which the Republicans loved to talk in the early months of the present administration gave the Democrats their opportunity to refer to the "Hoover panic" when the market began its series of tailspins.

When hard-pressed Republican candidates appealed to the voters to "Stand by the President," Democratic salesmen amended it by adding "Bread line forms on the right." Republican complaints that the Democratic publicity office operated under instructions to "Smear the President," were answered by the Democratic taunt that "The whispering campaign of 1928 has been succeeded by the whimpering campaign of 1930."

Nearly every advertising manager now and then makes use of testimonials signed by satisfied users of his commodity. Just why such an obvious racket is effective is beyond the comprehension of a layman. Possibly the advertising expert is equally in the dark, but he does know that it brings results. It is something like pressing a button and getting electric light; everyone knows it will work but few, if any, know why.

Anyway, both of the political publicity managers went in for testimonials extensively in 1930. Naturally, being the party in power, the Republicans were in a better position to obtain such things than the Democrats. Distributing reprints of newspaper editorials commending the Hoover administration seemed to be the favored form of testimonial used at Republican headquarters. Hundreds of these editorials, originating all the way from the New York *Herald Tribune* to the Santa Rosa (California) *Republican,* were photostated and distributed. Then there were the statements obtained from leading business men, labor union officials and others, endorsing the Republican régime and urging others to use more of it. This developed into quite a thriving industry in the closing days of the campaign.

The Democrats used testimonials also, usually with reverse English, so to speak, but Mr. Michelson made one use of testimonials which deserves more than passing mention. It was at a time when the Republican leaders were concentrating on the cry of "Stand by the President" and berating the Democratic publicity bureau for its alleged attempts to discredit Mr. Hoover. Mr. Michelson made a radio speech in which he said:

> There has been no assault upon his [the President's] character by us. You perhaps have seen doubt expressed as to Mr. Hoover's Americanism. The utterance was not that of a Democrat, but of Senator Fess of Ohio, now the Republican National Chairman. You have perhaps noted the statement that Mr. Hoover is the most expensive luxury that was ever fastened upon this country." That was the estimate of Representative Will Wood of Indiana, now chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. You may have read that Mr.

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> Hoover's endorsement of Woodrow Wilson's plea for the election of a Democratic Congress "should be sufficient to condemn him in the minds of all men as being unfit for a responsible position of trust." That also came from Representative Wood, and is duly recorded on page 1354 of Volume 57 of the Congressional Record.

Pointing out that all of the foregoing expressions antedated Mr. Hoover's election to the Presidency, Mr. Michelson touched on the dangers incurred by testimonial makers by asking:

> If he was not the reprehensible character described by these eminent Republicans then, how much attention should we pay to their testimony of today?

Not even sex-consciousness was overlooked by the political sales promoters, who circulated numerous statements from prominent women telling how much better off the sex is under Democratic or Republican rule, depending upon which office the statement came from.

Another favorite artifice of sales promotion experts, both political and commercial, is flattery of the prospective customer. The idea is to tell the latter that of course he is acquainted with all of the chemical reactions which make a particular kind of soap superior to any other, and then inform him about these reactions in words of one syllable. Thus Senator Fess, the Republican National Chairman, was merely carrying out an accepted method of procedure when he told a radio audience on the eve of the election:

> The American people too well understand the political motive of the absurd charge that the President is responsible for world conditions, and will resent the Democratic leaders' assumption of their lack of ordinary intelligence.

Then followed several thousand words of explanation designed to show the absurdity of the charge (if it was ever made) and the reasons why the voters should be resentful toward the Democrats.

However, in all of the millions of words which gushed from Republican and Democratic publicity offices during the campaign, there was one thing that did not appear. Apparently neither party became so optimistic or so hard-pressed that it cared to advocate or oppose any fundamental political principle which would mark it off sharply from its competitor. The tradition that there is some definite cleavage along basic lines between the Republicans and the Democrats drew no supporting evidence from the 1930 campaign. In fact, if the campaign disclosed anything of real significance as to the objectives of the two major parties, it is that both have exactly the same aims: to gain control when they are out and to retain control when they are in.

It has been obvious for years, of course, that the traditional division over the tariff is a matter of only academic interest. Much as the Democrats denounced the so-called Grundy tariff, they did not promise to repeal it. They said they would change some of the more "outrageous" rates, but the identity of those rates was apparently a party secret.

The ancient dividing line on states' rights, now thought of chiefly in connection with prohibition, is no longer a party question, or rather it has split both parties. Other potential issues such as public versus private ownership of utilities are apparently too heavily loaded with dynamite for either party to take them up nationally. The remark attributed to Governor Bulow of South Dakota when he announced his candidacy for the Senate against Senator McMaster, might well be taken as the motto for the entire performance. "Mac's got a job and I want it," is the way Mr. Bulow is reported to have summarized his qualifications for the Senate. Moreover, Mr. Bulow got the job.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

By THEODORE MAYNARD

TEN YEARS ago when, funds being low, I was obliged to cross the Atlantic as a steerage passenger, I had an experience that more than compensated for the discomforts of the voyage. It was this: day after day I observed a group of Spanish workingmen who were on their way, via New York, to South America, listening for hours on end to one of their number who was reading aloud. One day I ventured to creep round by the rail at the back of the man with the book to see what it could be that held them so intent. To my astonishment I discovered that it was a sonnet sequence. The poet must be a fortunate person in Spain. I do not know where else in the modern world he could find such an audience. It is hard enough to find an audience of any sort.

And yet the poet, if he is candid, will admit that he hungers to be read. He may escape the risk of his rejection by refusing to publish at all, as did Gerard Manley Hopkins and Emily Dickinson. But rarely has he so great a discretion. Instead he feels that he must have the corroboration of the judgment of his fellows. He cannot write merely for fun. Men must read and praise what he has written. Therefore he is reduced to desperate shifts to procure readers, and this involves him in a bitter struggle for a hearing with the 20,000 other poets in the United States who are all as eager as he to achieve recognition.

As a rule he cannot expect to find a publisher, unless he pays. And most reputable publishers will not accept a book on such terms. Even when by some chance he at last succeeds in getting his verses bound into a volume, scant notice is taken of it. The reviewers at

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best give it perfunctory reference. The public ignores it. There are, indeed, women's clubs; but the man who cultivates them soon becomes more or less a gigolo. There are also poetry groups; but he who frequents them is damned. They consist, almost entirely, of the most curious little human oddities imaginable. After once or twice having by accident strayed among them for an hour or so, I am able to sympathize with the contempt that the "he man" has for all poetry and its makers.

But when I first began to write verse, fifteen or twenty years ago, I could never understand how it was that the world was so indifferent to verse. I do not mean my own verse; for in the beginning I wrote in complete isolation, without a single poet among my acquaintances, and never (oh, happy days!) thinking of trying to get anything that I wrote published. When a little later I did try, I found it easy, and little to my own good, to get into print. My vanity tempting me, I wrote far too much—and have suffered from it ever since.

This is, therefore, not a personal complaint. Nor am I chivalrously going to make any appeal for my countless brother bards who, with comparatively few exceptions, have never been so lucky as I. Though, of course, there are a number who have got much more recognition than has come my way, which I do not doubt they deserve. My complaint, such as it is, must be made against the poets themselves. I do not blame Babbittry for its disdain. Once upon a time I wondered that Sidney needed to make a "Defense of Poesy," and that Plato said that he would exclude poets from his republic. I must now confess that, were I empowered to construct an ideal commonwealth, I should be at least as vigorous as Plato.

For the love of fame, that last infirmity of noble mind, has dwindled down to being a mere irritation. And this, apparently, can be soothed for a poet by his having a set of verses used now and then to fill up a page in a magazine, or by his being allowed to be a grain of sand in the sterile desert of one of the anthologies of magazine verse. He even finds solace when he appears in one of the short-lived pamphlet magazines whose purpose in the mysterious scheme of things is to scratch the itching spot in the poet's little soul. I cannot comprehend why Miltons so inglorious should not prefer to be mute as well. For the only people who read such compilations are the people whose work is printed there; and this means that the majority of our poets are supporting themselves by taking in one another's washing.

> Tiny fleas have smaller fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And then these fleas have other fleas—
> And so *ad infinitum*.

So there are actually people who prey upon the helpless poet. Some sort of defense might be advanced for that class of publisher whose sole business consists in bringing out books for those who are willing to foot the bill. These people argue, I suppose, that much good work has little or no chance of ever being printed otherwise, and that they are actually doing a disinterested service in the cause of literature. The truth is that such books might as well not be published at all, for the reviewers, knowing everything about the publisher who brings them out, refuse to take any notice of them—except in the hick towns where the papers are sometimes hard up for copy. The books themselves are never sold, unless, as usually happens, the poet is willing to be his own bookseller and to dispose of them among a few of his more good-natured friends and relatives. Moreover, whatever high intentions publishers of this sort may set out with, they are apt to discover that the only poets capable of raising the $500 necessary are generally the ones of least artistic merit. So they soon swallow their scruples and produce any trash.

In fact, some of them go a step further. A poet may be too poor to afford the cost of a whole book, and yet be able to scrape together $30 or $50 in order to be included in an anthology. The publisher, to meet their case, modifies his technique. He circularizes all the people in a certain state (say North Dakota) who have ever written for a poetry magazine; and he gets, if he can, a list of the members of the Poetry Society there—North Dakota is sure to have one—and tells them that he is about to edit a "North Dakota Anthology." Any poet may have any number of pages, up to twenty. This is to prevent some wealthy woman of poetic ambitions from grabbing the whole show. In this way he will be able to produce a volume of about 250 pages, out of which, allowing for printers' and binders' bills, and for the postage on the circulars, he will be able to make a net profit of about $2,000. Somebody is even now preparing a regional anthology of the District of Columbia. I know, because he sent me a prospectus. Heaven knows where he is going to find poets in Washington! But he knows, or he wouldn't be sending out his circulars.

The same gentleman, I think it was, approached me with a similar proposal a couple of years ago. Each poet was to pick out the one poem upon which he would most confidently rest his claim to the consideration of posterity. The volume, if I remember correctly, was to be entitled "One for Immortality"—to be obtained at the trifling cost of $10 a page! When I came across the volume some time afterward, I thought it would have been more appropriately entitled "All for Oblivion."

We must remember, however, that the plight of the poets has always been pretty wretched, since the days when they lost direct contact with their audiences and took to writing words to be printed in little books and read in private. For a while they managed to keep up the old transition of having patrons, but the invention of printing made the patron demand to have his name appear in a flowery dedication, so as to be known as the patron. And that involved syco-

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phancy, and a secret bitterness eating away the heart of the poet. Dr. Johnson took his revenge in a single massive line:

> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

Ben Jonson in a superbly sorrowful ode also set things square with his patron, the play-going public, who to Jonson's dramas preferred

> Some moldy tale,
> Like Pericles, and stale
> As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
> Scraps out of every dish
> Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub.

In the eighteenth century a modification of the system of patronage appeared. This was the subscription list, which gave the poet many patrons instead of one, and set him free from subservience to anybody. By the nineteenth century the sales of books became large enough to destroy patronage altogether. But, though this was not without its advantages, it threw the poet altogether upon the mercy of the public. He had to please popular taste, or he was lost.

In those days, however, there was in many cases a happy accord between the writer and those for whom he wrote. The disastrous reaction occurred when the men of the eighteen nineties turned up their noses at the society in which they found themselves, and decided to become esoteric. The world took its revenge. Since society was clearly of no concern to the poet, well, the poet should be of no concern to society. And this situation has continued to our own day, and, so far as I can see, is likely to continue.

The most that contemporary poets can hope for (with one or two exceptions) is fairly adequate representation in the anthologies. The tendency now is to reduce the number of these—sweeping away all the ridiculous collections of poems about dogs or mother-love—and to permit only those to exist that have some justification for their being. The best that can happen is that some editor with sufficient authority could be found to supervise the compilation of half a dozen substantial volumes, upon the model of Ward's "English Poets," which without fear or favor would establish a *corpus* of contemporary verse. But probably poets will have to wait for that until they are safely dead.

In the meanwhile, the days being evil, they might at least try to maintain their dignity. To do so they should first of all set themselves free from the spirit of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's smug epigram:

> Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
> Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
> It has become almost an honor
> Not to be crowned.

The second thing necessary is that they should rigorously avoid all publicity. The best of them already do so, for they know that publicity and fame have nothing to do with one another. Their fame, if they are ever going to get it—which they probably are not—may safely be left with the future, which can be counted upon ultimately to deal an even-handed justice.

The third thing is that they should be careful to make no concessions to modern taste. And, again, the best of them do avoid such concessions, and are sometimes able, though with difficulty, to create the kind of taste that they need in their readers. The trouble is that nothing dates so rapidly as modernity. However absurd the mid-Victorians may seem to us, their absurdity is nothing to what ours will be in the eyes of our descendants. Every age has its fondness for some particular artistic method, which may be, and commonly is, nothing better than a set of tricks. Such tricks are not very hard to master; nor is it difficult to invent new tricks. But those who indulge in them are going to date themselves very definitely. Tennyson, the chief target of the modernists, dates, not because of his style, which has lost little of its charm, but because of his ideas, which too often were those fashionable in his own day. Rossetti dates, not because of his ideas, but because of his mannerisms. Most of all the Decadents date, equally on account of their ideas and their mannerisms, both of which were assumed by way of protest against Victorian society. Perhaps nobody can be wholly proof against the spirit of his age, for this is the atmosphere he breathes. If he surrenders to it, he has, like the Scribes and Pharisees, his reward. But it will not be the reward he can get by doing his work as honestly as possible, using such gifts as God has given him, and avoiding all compromise with the taste that happens to be dominant in this or that poetic coterie.

Spray

Who watches at the window-sills
  Of wonder, scanning heaven's face,
Drinks of an Essence that distills
  Through din and silence out of space.

Ever with intermittent spray
  Of stars and petals and cool rain,
Dewing the eaves of night and day,
  A Fragrance drifts to our domain.

Even the cold, impassive snow
  Sifts down a crystal heraldry,
And in the frost bright signets glow
  For any simple eye to see.

So rides an Energy along
  The universal thoroughfares,
While dusts of dream and spores of song
  Impollen all the wandering airs.

Ever the aromatic breath
  Of God is blowing by. It fills
The aisles of life, the sails of death,
  The rustling garments of the hills.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE.

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THE "DIGEST" OF JUSTINIAN

By FRANCESCO ZUBLENA

THERE has just passed the fourteenth centenary of the "Digest," issued along with the well-known constitution, "Deo Auctore," addressed by Justinian to Tribonianus. The date was December 15, in the year 530.

The transient glory of Caesar passes away, but Justinian's name survives perpetually—associated not so much with his warlike enterprises, the reconquering of Africa from the Vandals, the liberation of Italy from the Ostrogoths, not so much with his fame as a patron of the Church and a restorer of the arts, as with his fame as a legislator. Dante does not err in asserting that "l'alto lavoro" of Justinian was a divinely inspired one.

> "As soon as with the Church I moved my feet
> God in His grace it pleased with this high task
> To inspire me, and I gave myself wholly to it."
> (Paradiso, VI, 22-25)

In codifications there is always something sacred and everlasting. Not everything in the laws is contingent and transitory; some are sustained by principles which have their origin in conscience and in the nature of things. It is because of this that our ancestors discovered in them the dictates of God and inscribed them on bronze for posterity.

The noble work which Justinian put into execution had long before flashed through the minds of some of his predecessors. The Roman law contained the plebiscites of ancient Rome, the decrees of the Senate, the declarations of juridical criteria, and, we might almost say, the platforms by which officials announced to the public, when about to assume their offices, the policies, according to which they intended to administer justice. Moreover, it contained the dissertations and responses, the legal opinions, of the great jurisconsults of the imperial age, Paul, Ulpianus, Modestinus, Papinianus, as well as the rescripts and constitutions, the laws and decrees, of the Caesars. Of the latter, private collections had been made in the fourth century by Gregory and Hermogenes—the Gregorian and Hermogenian Codes. Long before that, however, attempts had been made to codify the laws. One of these was Adrian's Perpetual Edict. Theodosius II also promulgated a code that bore his name (438 A. D.), and was binding in the Eastern as well as in the Western part of his empire. As all this represented something limited and defective, Justinian endeavored to obtain legislative unity and to provide for practical needs in a more comprehensive and efficacious manner.

But there was another more compelling reason. The spread of Christianity had modified the customs, and this slowly but continually aimed at modifying the laws. Constantine had been the first to decree that the master who killed his slaves was guilty of homicide. He too prohibited the splitting up of the families of slaves, except in some cases permitted by the law. He also decreed that a master could not sell the children of his slaves.

The old Roman conception of the father having power of life and death over the members of his family had been gradually modified by the influence of the new religious ideas, and the primitive despotism of parental rights had enormously decreased. The children of a first marriage were protected in their rights if their father entered into a second marital union. The law also gave the widow an inalienable right to one-fourth of the property of her deceased husband. Pious institutions and charitable works had been encouraged, and this marked the development of a humanitarianism that had never been seen before.

In short, new laws had been added and new social exigencies had manifested themselves in relation to the principle of equality introduced by Christianity. Hence the necessity of a general reform. Justinian, therefore, commissioned ten jurisconsults, among them John of Cappadocia, Tribonianus and Theophilus, to collect in one code the laws of his predecessors, to harmonize them, to remove errors and contradictions, and to put them into a practical form for the use of tribunals. As a result, we have the "Codex Justinianeus."

Another commission of sixteen jurisconsults under the presidency of Tribonianus was intrusted with the compilation of the "Digest" or "Pandects," whose date of origin we now celebrate. They had to express the spirit of Roman jurisprudence by selecting the juridical principles, decisions, consultations, passages and doctrines which they thought most opportune, from the books, treatises and responses of the Roman jurisconsults. Two thousand volumes and three million verses were carefully examined. Of these passages and extracts a collection was made, divided into fifty books, subdivided into titles, avoiding contradictions and repetitions. The oldest and most authoritative code of the "Digest" is preserved in the Bibliotheca Laurentiana in Florence, where we find the sole extant copy of the "Index Florentinus," with the names of the authors and the titles of the selected works. Interpretation of, and comment on, the sentences and judicial principles thus selected were prohibited. They acquired the force of imperial constitutions and were considered as "a divine work and an eternal oracle."

Finally, Justinian ordered the "Institutiones," a handbook of jurisprudence, to be cited. This was divided into four books and was for the use of the law students.

The "Code," the "Digest," and the "Institutions" formed the so-called "Corpus Juris Civilis," which is still studied in the universities by the juridical faculties.

Conway in his article, "Christianity and the Roman Law" (*Catholic World*, April, 1914), has well written:

"The Christianizing of the Roman law reached its full development under the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. The 'Corpus Juris Civilis' has been compared to the Bible for its influence on the history of Christian civilization. The law codified by Justinian was essentially different from the law set forth by the jurisconsults of the first three centuries. It was promulgated in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and under the auspices of God; it spoke plainly of Divine Providence and of the Sovereign Trinity; the imprint of the Gospel teaching was evident on nearly every page. Justinian was not a mere compiler of the Roman law; he was in a true sense a legislator, who wished to breathe a new spirit into the pagan code of the classic old jurisconsults. Despite its technical perfection, the pagan code knew nothing of the piety, humanity and benignity which characterized the Justinian code; its crude individualism was utterly alien to the Christian idea of charity and brotherly love, and the Christian notion of the paramount importance of the general interests and the common good."

Justinian, therefore, saved the most characteristic patrimony of Latin civilization, when it seemed about to be dissipated in the disorder of the barbarian invasions. He is the preserver of that law, which was rightly called "Ratio scripta," which teaches us, that the free man is a member of a society based on observance of law; that the protection of persons and goods belongs not to the individual but to the supreme ruling power.

But he did something more than this, for he infused it with the spirit of the Gospel, and this is his eternal glory.

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CARIBBEAN MEMORY

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

"My brother, I would have thee know that the things which make a soul good and blessed are holy contrition, holy humility, holy charity, holy devotion, and holy joy."—Brother Giles in "Little Flowers of St. Francis."

THE OLD wall under the plane trees, is greened with moss. Where it is not shaded, the tropic sun has burned it white. A pleasant wall, it is also, on its inner side, a seat, a sort of long, running bench, simply sculptured, the curves soft—a stone seat with an easy back. Sitting in it, one can see over the top. Resting one arm on it, one may look over, and down into the panorama of Yumi Valley.

The wall is atop a sheer rock-face, one of the walls of Monserrat, the abandoned monastery on the mountain.

The valley seen from it, is ringed with mountains except on the side where it opens to the dark blue, the deep blue, the coral-shored sea. Crops of sugar cane and sisel are the green carpet of the valley floor. Palm trees with waving fronds line the banks of streams. Feathery-leafed eucalyptuses and oaks grow in groves where cluster the thatched huts of laborers. In the little red-roofed town by the water's edge, are sugar refineries and rope-walks. From the foot-hills of the mountains come bananas. From the jungle on the slopes higher up, Indians bring down to the town a substantial trade in coconuts. Passing up one of the trails that go like tunnels through the thick growth of parasitic plants and creepers which crowd under the high vault of the palms in the jungle, one sometimes hears a chop, chop, chop of an Indian somewhere high overhead gathering coconuts. From remote haciendas in the mountains, in valleys which are pockets of richest soil veined with clear rushing brooks, planters who have small communal *centrales* where they grind their own cane and refine their own coarse yellow sugar and syrup, send these together with crops of pineapples down on creaking peasant-made ox carts to the town. Here they are loaded into the holds of tramp steamers scaberous with red-painted patches on their sides, are carried out of the pale blue harbor, past the coral key at the entrance, and over the dark ocean white-capped by the trade winds.

The bells of Monserrat once chimed over the valley, reminder of the Blessed Virgin, of her Son, of the Father and the Holy Ghost, and the celestial orders and legions. Once men could raise their eyes and think of the friars busy as small brown bees up there, forever blessing and thanking God for all His kindness and the world's beauty, and the joy of living more and more abundantly forever. They could envision wanderers going over the countryside to the sick and the poor, and they felt the warmth in their hearts of charity fulfilled to which they had contributed from their work: and their work was thereby sanctified for them.

Now men work doggedly, sullenly, and few raise their eyes or their thoughts from their labors—for in a period of gross pride they presumed to say that the world was not God's, but theirs: theirs was the beauty and richness; they owed nothing to God, and death was the end. And they passed laws accordingly and drove the friars gathered together in His name from their home. The bells no longer ring. But when one sits on the old wall-seat in the monastery garden, the memory is beautiful, the traces are still beautiful, of the time when humility, and charity, and devotion dwelt on the mountain top, and prayer, and chant, and candlelight streamed up to heaven from this place, and holy joy was in men's hearts and in their faces.

COMMUNICATIONS

EINSTEIN AND FREUD

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I hope THE COMMONWEAL is by now heartily ashamed of the Einstein article in its issue of December 24. If THE COMMONWEAL is to make any impression on educated minds, it must resolutely decline articles which settle intellectual problems such as the theory of relativity by denunciation. If there is anything that contemporary civilization is suffering from, it is precisely the habit of getting to the core of important questions by calling the other side names. It is just those brightly definitive writers and lecturers who can function at the drop of a hat, who will peruse a semi-popular magazine article in some odd half-hour and emerge to put the foremost Catholic weekly in opposition to scientific opinions which are the results of years of work.

How often have your contributors, such as Belloc and Chesterton, and you yourselves, O editors, told us that the eminence of a man in one department of knowledge, be it ever so great, does not hallow his opinions in another. When Dr. Walsh writes on medicine or certain historical events, he writes as one who by half a lifetime's study has made these subjects his own. But when he rushes into the domain of modern physics and astronomy, his ideas deserve no more cordial reception than Einstein's co(s)mical religion got from Father Sheen. Your contributor is evidently not troubled by reflections that these questions are very old and very complex, or inhibited by suspicions that he may not know whereof he speaks! Poor Einstein, to find himself and his life's work disposed of by two and a half columns of pica type and hustled off to the lumber room of outworn speculations, already so crowded with persons and theories which flourished in the thirteenth, greatest of centuries!

I am well aware that this letter is written in any but a mild and scholarly spirit, but really, Mr. Editor—!

When a man sets out to establish a proposition he must either

(a) Be himself so generally recognized as an authority on the matter in hand that his say-so is sufficient to settle the question, or
(b.1) When he isn't, quote someone who is, in which case
(b.2) He must also establish the competence and authority of his witness, and also
(b.3) Undermine the authority of those experts who take the other side of the question, or
(c) Introduce facts from experiment and observation, and draw inferences from them in support of his thesis.

Now, Dr. Walsh has the intellectual grace to know when he does not know. This is why he does not attempt (a) or (c) but uses method (b)—introduces Professor Poor as expert witness (and alienist).

So the worth of this iconoclastic COMMONWEAL article is wholly dependent on the use which its author makes of Professor Poor's article in *Scribner's*.

Professor Poor is certainly a scholar whom any university would be proud to have on its faculty. I wish I had had the time to follow his courses when I was studying at Columbia. His opinion is worthy of serious consideration, and it is possible that he is (as Dr. Walsh evidently thinks) an *Athanasius contra mundum*. His article will be carefully read and studied by students of modern physical theories. But

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his testimony, his conclusions, his pronouncement, avail nothing when used as part of a non-expert's argument simply because a score of equally eminent authorities are ranged on the other side. Included in this group are Eddington and Jeans, who ought to be acceptable to THE COMMONWEAL if being "on the side of the angels" on the question of free will is any recommendation. I look forward with eagerness to the encyclopedic work which your contributor must write if he ever attempts (b.3).

It isn't as if Professor Poor's criticism is new, unlooked for and unanswerable, bursting over the heads of the dismayed opposition like a bombshell out of empty space. If his arguments have been as ineffectual as those of the anti-vivisectionists, it is not because he has not made them known. Dr. Walsh's first paragraph generates a strong suspicion that he is so little acquainted with the literature of the subject as to think this is Professor Poor's first exposition of his doctrines. (By the way, if Poor's criticism really is new, doesn't that fact alone condemn it, on the well-known Bellocian principle that "What's true's not new, and what's new's not true"?)

Dr. Walsh's article isn't even a good abstract. It reproduces not a word of Dr. Poor's reasons. It merely repeats and repeats in varying phraseology Dr. Poor's conclusion that Einstein is wrong. And embellishes as well: Einstein's "illusions" (Poor's word) become in Walsh's paraphrase "delusions"—a word with dainty psychiatric connotations. Here are some good ones: ". . . an overenthusiastic theorist who has caught many followers by the sensational novelty of his formula . . . alluring bit of theory. . . ." Mr. Editor, surely the tone and temper of this hue and cry remind us of an invincible phillipic made famous by its failure. No? Let us reread Newman's "Apologia." Ah, here it is, "Appendix, Blot Twelve": Kingsley's words: ". . . . Hot-headed and fanatic young men, who hung upon his every word. . . ."

If THE COMMONWEAL puts on any more such exhibitions, it will speedily find itself deserted, not only by its non-Catholic supporters, but by many Catholic subscribers.

Don't you suppose, Mr. Editor, that I could write an article against Saint Thomas Aquinas and "prove" all my points by quotations from American philosophers, "men who surely ought to have a right opinion in the matter," even men from Johns Hopkins, and perhaps even hard-headed men who had spent twenty years in Wall Street? And it would be nonsense, wouldn't it? Well?

If I were not keenly interested in the Calvert Associates and their high purpose, I would not try to prevent THE COMMONWEAL from making itself ridiculous.

VICTOR S. VON SZELISKI.

FOR PATIENTS OF MODERATE MEANS

Enghien, Belgium.

TO the Editor: While lying in bed in a Lucerne hospital I read Mr. Lowe's communication in THE COMMONWEAL of October 15, concerning the hospital problem that is confronting us in the United States. Perhaps it will be interesting to know how the Swiss have solved this same problem. Of course for those who can afford to pay, there are private hospitals and plenty of good doctors, but Mr. Lowe's concern is for the poor and people of ordinary means.

For these classes there is established in Switzerland what is known as the *Kantonsspital*. This is a first-class hospital, staffed with competent physicians, which is supported in part by taxes. Here the patient may have a bed for the nominal fee of three and a half francs ($0.70) per day if he be from the canton; five and a half francs ($1.10) if from another canton; or seven francs ($1.40) if a foreigner. If he desires a private room, these are available at twelve francs for locals and fourteen francs for outsiders. The one fee includes all expenses—bed, medicine, doctor's attention, etc. Each canton has its *Kantonsspital,* which is generally a group of attractive buildings, comprising a separate building for the surgical department, another for the medical department, a third for the pathological department, etc. The patients are separated according to the nature of the treatment required. The *Kantonsspital* at Lucerne is in charge of the Sisters, which suffices to explain the devoted services rendered.

Thus the poor are provided for in Switzerland as well as the rich. Perhaps we could have the equivalent of the *Kantonsspital* in the form of "county hospitals" or "state hospitals."

REV. THOMAS F. MAHER, S.J.

ONE PHASE OF OVERPRODUCTION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The present industrial and agricultural depression is due to overproduction, we have been told. Is it possible that the moral depression that Cardinal Hayes referred to is due to an overproduction of laws?

Mr. George W. Wickersham, chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, told the American Bar Association last August: "It must be confessed that the general attitude of mind of the average American is not law-abiding. Perhaps this is not unnatural. With forty-eight states, besides the federal Congress, grinding out laws annually or biennially, with statute laws already in existence filling some thirty-five hundred volumes of more than a million and a half pages, any general acceptance of statute law as imposing a moral obligation upon the citizen could hardly be expected."

Laws are needed and always will be needed, but with home influences, churches, schools, chambers of commerce, civic societies, fraternal organizations, social service centers, young peoples' movements, and the like, it would seem that changes would be effected without the avalanche of laws that come from our legislative bodies each year. It seems that in this country we attempt to solve our problems by passing laws instead of changing the conditions that produce these problems.

Some agency or agencies must do what some laws fail to do; that is, arouse a civic consciousness. The Church could well be one of these agencies.

HOWARD W. TONER.

RELIGION, MAGIC AND SCIENCE

Maysville, Ky.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for December 3, R. Traill in his article, "Religion, Magic and Science," refers to Sir Ernest Rutherford's unsuccessful attempt to "split the atom."

In *Nature,* Vol. CIX, pp. 584 and 614 (1922), quoted in Chapin's "Second Year College Chemistry," the following statement occurs: "Rutherford has succeeded in ejecting hydrogen atoms from nitrogen and several other elements by bombarding their atoms with alpha particles."

Are not these two statements at variance?

Further on in Father Traill's article he writes: "It would appear that the Catholic Church is rather like the atom. Nothing can break it up or destroy its unity. . . . " True enough in reference to the Church, but does not the comparison limp, especially in the case of radioactive elements?

E. B. MURPHY.

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UNCONSCIOUS SOCIALISM

Baton Rouge, La.

TO the Editor: Mr. John Carter, in his "Unconscious Socialism" in the December 3 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, avers in an otherwise splendid article that:

"It was taken for granted that the federal government had an obligation to look out for the people who had been so foolish or so reckless as to live near a river which overflowed its banks and submerged their real estate."

He had reference to the inhabitants on the lower extremity of the Father of Waters.

Mr. Carter very aptly discloses his utter lack of familiarity with true conditions in Louisiana and the other states bordering on the banks of the lower Mississippi River. I wonder if it occurred to him that prior to the construction of the embankments on our rivers and other streams, farming afforded a really good means of living to our inhabitants. Inundations were frequent and of no significance or destructive nature. With the advent of the huge levees and the consequent concentration of the waters from upper states, catastrophes such as the one so bitterly experienced in the spring of 1927 were the result.

Now, Mr. Carter assumes that because of this unnatural condition, our residents, among whom are included the picturesque Acadians, should pack up and leave. Would he like to see a reënection of the evacuation immortalized by Longfellow? Let us hope not.

Are we to be denied protection and branded "foolish and reckless" if we continue to live on farms that we either worked hard for or acquired from deserving ancestors?

Mr. Carter's remarks are indeed broad in scope and somewhat disconcerting. Are they justified?

NAVEN O. COUVILLON.

CHILDREN: LITERARY ADDENDUM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Your comment on "Children: Literary Addendum" was a worthy inclusion in one of the most delightful of your always interesting numbers. May I add to your list of "happy examples" what Francis Thompson wrote on the subject in his "Essay on Shelley"? "Know you," he says, "what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space. . . . "

When I read the President's charming thoughts on children I was at once reminded of the above as a companion picture.

ANNE SQUIRE.

MANNING AND LINDSEY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL is to be commended for its attitude regarding Bishop Manning and Judge Lindsey. The amount of wrong thinking regarding the matter is incredible. One realizes in discussing it that after all the real value of education lies in correct judgment and clear thought —alas! so sadly lacking. The result is confusion of issues.

ALICE WARREN.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Tom Sawyer

THE MOVIES have a habit of coming frequently to their own rescue—a more pronounced habit, by the way, than the current stage has. The stage flows on from one absurdity of obscenity to another, with such infrequent appearances of stimulating freshness that one doubts seriously whether theatrical managers have retained any sense whatever of "public relations." The movies, too, have their share of thinly masked filth, and relatively innocuous subject-matter is often disguised under titles which mislead the masses into expecting flame and crimson. But the movies do balance this witless pandering with occasional flashes of grace and insight and artistry. "Tom Sawyer" is a conspicuous case in point. It is one of the most completely diverting and delightful bits of entertainment that have appeared on either screen or stage in many long months.

Possibly the detail of greatest human interest in this production is the reappearance of Jackie Coogan—completely emerged from the child-prodigy class. His Tom Sawyer is just plain, natural "boy," conveyed with an artistry so carefully concealed that one is conscious of no trace of mannerism or forced effect. His voice is excellent for screen purposes, well modulated and unforced, not localized as to accent, yet true to the Mid-West atmosphere of Mark Twain's imperishable story.

As in the case of musicians, there is always a perilous gap between the prodigy and the mature artist. For every Joseph Hoffman and for every Fritz Kreisler there are dozens of boy pianists and violinists whose precocious talents fail to mature and expand as they pass beyond adolescence. Coogan faced this danger after his amazing work with Chaplin in "The Kid." One recalls with something of a shudder all the public worship to which he was subjected—the royal receptions, the Fauntleroy suits, the miles of newspaper publicity and everything else that could possibly be invented to warp a budding talent into something stunted and ugly. But there must have been counter-forces moving somewhere (let us hope within his own family, or, even more, within himself) which worked against this ominous conspiracy, for the Jackie Coogan of "Tom Sawyer" is simple, unaffected and manly, without a trace of maudlin sentimentality and with all the restraint and power of understatement that one finds only in the true artist.

Junior Durkin (whose work in "Courage" helped to redeem the weak aspects of that almost-good play) becomes a valuable ally to Coogan in the part of Huckleberry Finn. The choice of Durkin for this part was a fine achievement in casting—especially as it involved great confidence in his ability as a character actor. The part is an entire contrast to the boy in "Courage"—in looks, in manner and in mood. But Durkin surpasses every demand of the Twain enthusiast.

The third part of the triumvirate is little Mitzi Green as the Thatcher girl—the object of Tom Sawyer's intense calf-devotion. She is prim and delightful to exactly the right point.

But a catalogue of individual performances can give no adequate reflection of the unique charm and excellence of this picture. The direction by John Cromwell is masterly at every turn, displaying a perfect sense of timing and proportion, a rich appreciation of the power of carefully selected detail, and, above all, a full and subtle understanding of just what it means to be a boy. The viewpoint is never shifted. Boys emerge as they see themselves, and never through the patronizing spectacles of grown-ups. You are utterly captured by youth

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itself—led down all the by-paths of youth's rebellion against case-hardened age, through all the shining labyrinth of make-believe and surrender to illusion and also into youth's first smashing conflicts with reality. One fatal slip in direction, and this whole web would be torn before your eyes. But John Cromwell never makes that slip.

Some of the scenes will linger with you for days—the midnight murder in the cemetery, the overtures of Sir Tom before the windows of his *adorata,* the whitewashing of the Sawyer back fence, the battle of the "pirates" for the possession of the river raft, the return of Tom from Jackson's Island to kiss his old aunt in her sleep, the appearance of the three boys at their own funeral memorial service, and a few others, equally thrilling, comic or tender. But, once more, the "catalogue of the ships" fails to give the impression of the fleet. There is only one way to see just how excellent the movies can be—given a few touches of genius—and that is to see "Tom Sawyer" for yourself. It will weave around you the magic of nearly lost memories. (At the Paramount Theatre.)

Mrs. Moonlight

IN MANY respects, Benn Levy's tenderly inspired fantasy, "Mrs. Moonlight," does not deserve the rather distinguished success it has attained. It is filled to the brim with moments of rare sentimental beauty and with many scenes of real insight and power—but it would never succeed in maintaining its precarious illusion were it not for the superlatively fine acting of Edith Barrett, Sir Guy Standing and the other members of a loyal and devoted cast. They carry it over mountains of improbability—and if even they fail in the last act, it is because the author at last demands the impossible, from actors and audience alike.

There have been other plays written of perpetual youth, but none that I can recall with the general theme of "Mrs. Moonlight"—namely, that it is sheer tragedy to remain young when those about us whom we love grow old. Through the character of an old Scotch nurse, we are led to believe that before her wedding, Sarah Moonlight wore a necklace with the magic power of granting one wish. Sarah's fatal wish was that she might never grow outwardly old. Like the Midas touch of gold, the granted wish has tragic consequences. Sarah begins to see a dark future, during which she will become more and more of a freak—a source of unending sorrow to her husband and her child. The shell of youth over an ageing heart will become a curse. Unable to face this prospect—chiefly because of what it will bring to others—she bids a tender farewell to all she loves and disappears.

In the second episode, Sarah returns, twenty years later, posing as the daughter of her own sister. She finds her husband married to another sister, and her own daughter grown to womanhood. She remains just long enough to prevent this daughter from making an unfortunate marriage and then disappears again into the misty vagueness of continental Europe. Throughout this episode, the situations remain plausible enough, once the main fantasy is accepted. Miss Barrett, as Sarah, manages in the most extraordinary way to give the feeling of increasing age with the appearance of perpetual youth. Her presence is thoroughly explained, and one can become a willing party to the illusion.

But in the final episode—still another twenty years later—the author's ingenuity fails him. Sarah returns for the second time, to enter a household in which her husband is a feeble-minded man of ninety, living entirely in his memories, in which her daughter is happily married with a grown son, and in which the old Scotch nurse—the only one who knows the truth—still sits in a high chair, knitting and mumbling strange things. This time, unfortunately, there is no reason why Sarah should not be recognized. She has not changed from the girl of the second episode—a girl, that is, who remained nearly three weeks as a visitor in the home, and whose influence in that time was so profound as to alter completely the lives of several of the characters. Yet they all see her in the third episode, talk with her and still wonder who she can be and whence she comes. Even the license of fantasy does not permit such situations. They destroy the very illusion of illusion itself. There is much tenderness and pathos in this last act—but the author has defeated his purpose by not having the action take place solely between the old man, his ever-young wife and the nurse.

As to the broader aspects of "Mrs. Moonlight," it partakes a bit of that rather subtle psychological illness which pervaded "Berkeley Square," the sense of regression into the land of dreams, in which many of the dreams are fraught with terror and others with the sadness of frustration. There is no denying the beauty of many of the scenes, nor their essential poetry. But the actors carry the chief burden, as they so conspicuously did in "Berkeley Square." It is their warmth and reality which holds us, rather than the action and the idea. The play is a personal triumph for Edith Barrett, Guy Standing and Haidee Wright as the old nurse. (At the Charles Hopkins Theatre.)

A Christmas Interlude

IN THE quiet of the Manhattanville College grounds in New York, a limited audience recently had the chance to hear and witness something extraordinary—the performance by a group of parish school children of a Nativity play for which the words and music were written by the children themselves. These were the children so carefully trained under the auspices of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, and the tenderly simple words of the Bethlehem story were sung in the intervals and tonalities of Gregorian chant.

The point I wish to make is this—that this performance, for all of its shortcomings due to the lack of mechanical equipment and proper lighting, struck a note of such exquisite simplicity that it served as a challenge to all that master musicians and master directors can accomplish. It proved, once and for all, that within the living tradition of Catholic Christendom can be found the elements capable of transforming a group of average children into artists. Whatever may be the amazing technique by which the teachers of these children accomplished the miracle, it must be a technique capable of extension all over the land. A way should be provided by which work of this sort can assert its vivifying influence in a much broader field, stimulating renaissance of that Catholic cultural heritage which is an everlasting witness to spiritual strength.

For a Friend's House

This is a wise house and a lovely house,
  Knowing the sea's and the hill's way,
Watching through spray of apple-blossoms
  The salt spray.

The hill gives it safe strong walls,
  The sea widens its doors;
This is a lonely house and a friendly house,
  This house is yours.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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BOOKS

Challenge to Demos

The American Rich, by Hoffman Nickerson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. NICKERSON'S thesis is quite simple. It is, in a word, that what the United States needs is that the commonwealth be directed by a "leisured" and a "landed" class of "rich" men—men rich enough to be able to devote themselves entirely to the business of the state—leaving the middle class and the so-called proletariat class free to devote themselves exclusively to their own interests. Domination of politics by the business man (in part), and by the demagogue, looking to the proletariat for his support (in part), has brought society almost to a breaking point of strain and perplexity, and only to "men economically free to make the public interest their chief concern" can we reasonably look for the leadership which will save our civilization.

He sees three quarrels threatening our peace and order, the Negro, the religious and the economic, and he finds a problem in the American Jew. He sees in our present political situation no hope for settlement of these quarrels or solution of the problem, other than from leadership by the leisured class. Further, he sees our legislatures as failures and believes that "elective monarchy" is the instrument through which, when the time is ripe, we may hope for a solution of our problems, for an honorable but separate status for the Negro and Jew permitting us to utilize their distinctive gifts while preserving us from too much racial contact with the first and from the alien soul of the second; for resistance to the vile Methodist tyranny and to any other clerical domination which may threaten; for a curb alike upon the criminal folly of subversives and upon the selfish megalomania of business." It is not his fault, he says, "if the necessities of living in society compel authority, subordination, and a hierarchy of social classes incompatible with the impossible dream of complete equality; for good or ill this is the law of God or of nature, or of whatever power made the universe. To shut one's eyes to this necessity is folly; to recognize and act upon it is social and political wisdom. What we may reasonably hope is that authority be exercised in a broad and generous spirit and this the community is more likely to obtain at the hands of men accustomed to economic independence who have turned their backs upon the scramble for more and more wealth, like street boys fighting for pennies."

It would be difficult to imagine a thesis more directly or definitely contrary to the prevailing spirit of the time and the place than that which I have stated in Mr. Nickerson's own words. A more provocative book could hardly be written within the limits of its covers. It opens endless possibilities of angry debate. I make no attempt to review it at any length, but there are certain things which seem worthy of mention with respect to it. In the first place it is frank to the point of brutality; the reader, whoever he may be, will find in it statements in plain language of many things which are perhaps frequently thought but not as a rule openly said. In the second place, his thesis can at least claim to have some scientific foundation, if we may believe the biologists who tell us that nature stratifies mankind upon an aristocratic rather than upon a democratic basis, and that any human organization which does not correspond to this stratification is doomed to disappear. In the third place, those who disagree fundamentally with the thesis will have to base their arguments upon a theory of progress other than can be related to human experience, in so far as history describes it. Finally, at one place or another, Mr. Nickerson contrives to stamp upon the corns of almost everyone who is likely to read his book. This assuredly tends to sustain the reader's interest. And an interesting book it certainly is, especially in these days.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

"The Single Hound"

The Poems of Emily Dickinson, Centenary Edition; edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

THIS volume of nearly eight hundred poems, while it may possibly not contain all that Emily Dickinson ever wrote, certainly comprises most of her poetry. It is peculiarly fit that it should appear on the hundredth anniversary of her birth. There is, of course, little new to say at this date regarding the genius of this extraordinary woman. And yet it can be asserted that with each rereading of any of her poems—and the level of their excellence is extraordinarily constant—their feeling of modernity is intensified.

The reason for this is patent. Unlike the other New England poets, Emerson alone excepted, Emily Dickinson was no colonial echo of Old World genius, but a voice poignantly and unmistakably individual. Living in silence, apart from the world and utterly unknown either to her own generation or to the one which followed it, she answered to the mystic voice within her only to herself. If there was ever a poet completely sincere it was she. That both her technique and her thought should be appreciated first by the generation which, had she ever married, would have contained her grandchildren, is not surprising. The poets of her day were easy optimists as were the people of her day, whether the optimism took the form of philosophy as in Emerson, of pedagogy as in Lowell and Longfellow, or of world brotherhood as in Whitman. As in the former generation Melville had been disapproved of and forgotten because he set forth the message that this was not the best of all possible worlds, so Emily Dickinson's poetry, even had it been known, would probably have been little liked.

In her technique she had the economy, the astringent quality, of Emerson, but her thought was far deeper, perhaps because it was more honest. She was a Puritan, but she was also a mystic. Had she lived in a land where there was a vital Catholic culture, it is very probable that she would have taken her place among the poets of the Church. Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson surely would have understood her, and she them. She is perhaps not of the first rank in the hierarchy of the poets of the English tongue, but she is certainly not a minor poet. What her exact rank will be we are yet too near her to know.

GREENVILLE VERNON.

Rembrandt's Background

R. V. R.: The Life and Times of Rembrandt Van Rijn, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Horace Liveright. $5.00.

REMBRANDT is a name to conjure with, not to make use of in a game of spillikins. And this is what the volume before us amounts to, little more. "I wrote this book," says the author on the dust cover, "not because anyone wanted me to write it, but for the simple reason that for twenty years I have wanted to write just this sort of a volume. . . . As for

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the humble ancestor who is supposed to be responsible for this opus, he never existed in the particular form in which the reader will meet him. He came to life to give his great-great-great-grandson a chance to say what he had to say in the way in which he wanted to say it." Old Jan is then admittedly a spillikin—all well and good; but one cannot help experiencing a slight resentment at finding such good gristy old names as Descartes, Spinoza or Galileo inked just as unconvincingly on other jackstraws of Mr. Van Loon's little handful.

It is true, the author adds another reason for writing his book. He says, "I wanted to do justice to the greatest of my race who thus far had always been treated as if he had merely slaved and suffered to fill endless rooms of dull museums, and replenish the treasure-chests of the artistic butter-and-egg men who go by the grandiloquent name of art dealers." This seems rather a *feu d'artifice* of unnecessary zeal. That Rembrandt is so considered today comes as a distinct surprise. Or yesterday, for that matter. In fact should anyone desire an estimate that would offer a more vivid and illuminative appreciation of Rembrandt in five pages than do these five hundred odd, he need only to turn to Fromentin's "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland," written half a century ago. And of Rembrandt's "self-portraits" we have at present eighty-four generally conceded to be authentic. Few masters offer a more psychologically revelatory canon. For as slipshod an artizan as Mr. Van Loon to propose a gloss on so meticulous a documentation overreaches the ironic.

However, Mr. Van Loon's presentation of Amsterdam's and New Amsterdam's seventeenth-century background, if as little convincing as his portraiture, is at least more diverting. Our age and that, as he pictures it, are astonishingly in sympathy. Our problems were its problems, it would seem: tariff walls, go-getterism, technological unemployment, in Mr. J. Maynard Keynes's term—even to the engaging necessity of "knowing a man who knows a man who gets it from the ship." In this last the only difference seems to have been that the sought elixir of those days was a good cognac, and that the desirable arks plied honestly between Rouen and the Zuyder Zee.

JAMES J. SWEENEY.

Cloak and Sword

The Rogue's Road, by Virgil Markham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A DASHING lad was Master Francis Talbot in his youth; but marriage had softened him; rarely his leg knew the feel of a horse, and the mountains and winds and the fever of the chase had lost their savor to him, while he grew fat over his stoups of wine and indited delicate verses to his adored wife. The change little pleased the "high-mettled Dorothea," nor her brother when he came to know of it. For he, Eustace Tarrant, retired gentleman-rogue, came riding back to Shropshire, enticed by the appearance of notices of a reward of 500 pounds for his capture. The hue and cry, however, were but a strategem of Eustace's old crony, Captain Roy Nethersole, who shrewdly calculated that he would rise to the challenge.

How they met in high good humor, how they crossed the trail of the bandit-chieftain Glanister, how their chase of that seventeenth-century racketeer was interrupted by their prank of a pretended kidnapping of Dorothea and her bairn, and how Master Francis became a man again in three days and nights of perilous pursuit through the mountains of Wales, are the things told in this cloak-and-sword romance in the good old Gothic manner. There are old Roman ruins and deserted abbeys galore, dark caves, vast amphitheatres in the hills, landslides, leprechauns, midnight meetings—every feature that can contribute to the atmosphere of eerie adventure. Virgil Markham by now is a past-master at this sort of tale.

Writing competently, as always, with a grace and force of style far beyond the usual in such stories, Mr. Markham has devised a work that will fill two hours with excitement, and send one to bed with a creeping fear of the dark. Excellent entertainment; but it may be that the time has come for the young author to turn his skill and resources of style to more serious work, to try his hand at creating character.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Magnet of Life

The Desire of God in the Philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, by James E. O'Mahoney, O. S. F. C. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.20.

THAT all things in the universe are in movement and that this movement is intelligible only in the light of the end toward which all things are directed, is a commonplace in the philosophy of final causes. And Saint Thomas will tell us that God is the end toward which the whole creation moves; that it is God Who is sought after, blindly it may be, in every pursuit, and loved in every good. In man this movement rises to the level of conscious desire, but it is just in the case of man that a peculiar difficulty and problem arise. For man is by his nature inclined toward an ultimate end, and yet by his natural powers he cannot reach that end, but only by grace. And this is due to the eminent excellence of the end. There is, then, an apparent antinomy here, in the fact that while human nature is capable of being destined to a higher end than its own powers can win to, yet it cannot be satisfied with anything less than this end which is above it.

How this particular problem is dealt with in the philosophy of Saint Thomas is the subject of Dr. O'Mahoney's book, "The Desire of God in the Philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas." In dealing with his subject Dr. O'Mahoney has very wisely undertaken to fit his solution into the whole of the philosophy of Saint Thomas. He is not trying to rest his case on the authority of any isolated texts. This method of treatment will seem at times to take us far away from the exigencies of the immediate problem, and it may appear as if the discussion were not going ahead. Nevertheless it is the only adequate way of treating a problem in its relations to what is essential in a philosophy. Meanwhile, in this case the reader is well repaid for his patience by the numerous instances he encounters of real insight into the fundamentals of the thought of Saint Thomas.

The whole subject of man's desire of God, dealing as it does with the relations of natural and supernatural, is full of possibilities of controversy. Dr. O'Mahoney has not made his work controversial, though neither has he omitted altogether to advert the solutions that differ from his own. It is not to be expected that any solution should be free from difficulties, and we need not find ourselves in entire agreement with Dr. O'Mahoney's solution to acknowledge the merits of his work as a contribution to the fuller understanding of the doctrine of Saint Thomas.

A few examples of what appears to be somewhat loose writing occur, as for instance on page 188, and there are many typographical errors in the footnotes. But these are minor faults in a really deserving work.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

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Our Lord in Action

The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ: An Interpretation, by the Most Reverend Alban Goodier, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Two volumes, $7.50.

MANY as are the Lives of Christ, there is always room for one more or for many more. The purposes which animate authors to depict again the career of the Man of Sorrows are many and varied, and in the hands of even the most sceptical, the investigation invariably yields up treasures of beauty and pathos and inspiration not to be found elsewhere. Though Archbishop Goodier disavows any intention of attempting to view the Life of Christ through eyes sharpened by the exigencies of literary and historical criticism, he is by no means blind to the results which critical investigation has achieved in making the text of the Gospels and the period of the New Testament narrative clearer and more intelligible. Criticism and analysis have their place and their useful function even in a subject so far removed from ordinary human experience as the Life of Christ, but their purpose is fulfilled when they have provided fuller and more accurate information for those who carry to the investigation minds illuminated by the light of faith. Much profit has accrued from the labors of the historians and exegetes who have garnered additional evidence from other sources to throw light on the text of the Scriptures, but such work, as Archbishop Goodier says, is vain unless it aids in the search for the living Christ, as He was yesterday, as He is today, and as He will be forever.

This work does not aim at being a Life of Christ in the conventional style. It is a narrative of the public life of Our Lord from the time He appeared as a full-grown man beside the Jordan to the evening before the Last Supper. It contains no introductory chapters on Judaism and its sects and rulers, no description of the land, the people or the government of Palestine. All that there is of geographical description or of historical or archaeological details, is woven into the body of the narrative, and then only in sufficient measure to elucidate the text of the Gospels, and to depict the scenes as they might have passed before the eyes of a believing beholder. No effort is made to settle knotty problems of exegesis or to discuss questions of a textual or linguistic character. The author is satisfied with the work of the evangelists, though he accepts with eagerness whatever science has done to bring into greater clearness the sense of the sacred narrative. One will look in vain in these pages for references to the theories of Tübingen, of Drews, of Carpenter or Case, but one will find on every page a reverential statement of fact from the pen of one who believes that Christ was in full verity the Son of God.

There is not a controversial line in the whole work, and there is no straining after polemical affect; the narrative is constructive and expository, its sole aim is to make the life of Christ better known to a world that stands in sore need of being brought back to the gospel of charity. By eliminating discussion of controversial questions, by refraining from loading his pages with archaeological and historical lore, the author has succeeded in giving his narrative unity and continuity. He constructed his own harmony of the Gospels, and on this framework he has woven his story of the public life of Christ. The work was not written to confound the wise or to silence the sceptical, but to make it possible for the pious and for those in spiritual need to draw nearer to Christ. Most of those who read the work will feel that Archbishop Goodier has successfully achieved his purpose.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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On the Last Frontier

Saint Johnson, by W. R. Burnett. New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

MR. W. R. BURNETT'S new novel, "Saint Johnson," is a valuable story of life in Tombstone, Arizona, one of those mushroom and lawless settlements of the American Southwest in the eighties, when law and order were defied and when human life was consequently as valueless as that of the cattle which roamed the open ranges. The interest centers about the Johnson brothers, Wayt, Luther and Jim, and the divided attempt of the two former to preserve at least a semblance of decency and honesty and at the same time to protect the morals and the safety of their younger brother, Jim.

One is conscious of a sense of comparative disappointment in the reading of "Saint Johnson," comparative because of the unalloyed admiration aroused by every page of Mr. Burnett's former novel, "Iron Man." And in attempting a fair analysis of that disappointment one arrives at the following conclusions:

Both books employ a classic precision and restraint in their workmanship which is altogether admirable. Both reveal a first-hand knowledge of material and a steady, unrelenting presentation of characters and of incidents which inevitably result in a rare verisimilitude. Both excel in dialogue. Nevertheless, in spite of common virtues, "Iron Man" possesses a completion and a satisfaction which are lacking in this newer story. Perhaps "Saint Johnson" goes too quickly to the mark. The reader is forced to overrun his own comprehension. He is not allowed sufficient time to appreciate the thwarted idealism of Wayt Johnson, the loyalty of Luther, the tragedy of Jim's weakness and death. The minor characters, necessary as they are, become stage-hands rather than actors, act as automatons rather than as persons. And the result is a dimming of the complete picture which one regrets.

"Saint Johnson," with all its excellencies, fades into indistinctness. And yet like the former and better novel, it reveals Mr. Burnett as a workman that need not be ashamed.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Anglican Sociology

The Church of England and Social Reform since 1854, by Donald O. Wagner. New York: Columbia University Press. $5.25.

THIS book is No. 325 of the "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. It aims to describe the position of the Church of England "with regard to some of the typical problems of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, whether that position happens to have been admirable or the reverse." The last word is used in relation to the author's judgment that during the nineteenth century the Church of England seemed to have an unhappy faculty "for putting its worst foot forward." The book contains seven long chapters, each of them dealing with a fairly distinct period or phase in the history of the attitude of the Anglican Church toward social reform since 1800. One of the most interesting subdivisions of the chapters, entitled "Conquest of the Church," describes the attitude of the bishops toward strikes, particularly the great London Dock Strike of 1889. The leader of the movement, Ben Tillett, appealed to Cardinal Manning and Bishop Temple. While the former responded immediately and favorably, the latter wrote "a malignant letter abusing the docker generally and then went for a holiday in Wales." He

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was compelled to return and participate in a conference with the leaders of the strikers, but presently withdrew from all participation. Ben Tillett represents "the square-jawed, hard-featured Temple" as fighting against "the aesthetic and spiritual-faced Cardinal Manning. . . . But the older man was more human and subtle, his diplomacy that of the ages and the Church." Once more Bishop Temple went to Wales for a holiday, while Cardinal Manning "quickly brought about a settlement acceptable to the men."

In his concluding chapter, the author notes that the activities of Anglican churchmen during the strikes of 1926 indicate how far the church has traveled since 1850. One could scarcely imagine, he says, the Archbishop of Canterbury at the earlier date recommending conciliation to the government and praising the motives of the workingman. He observes, however, that average opinion is at present more radical among the bishops than among the lower clergy and the laity. The contribution of the Anglican Church to social reform during the last seventy-five years has not been made by the organization as such but by individuals and groups; for example, Lord Shaftesbury, the Christian Socialists, the Christian Social Union, the Guild of Saint Matthew, the Church Socialist League, the Archbishops' Committee on Industrial Problems, and the writings of prominent churchmen, such as J. M. Figgis, A. J. Carlyle, M. B. Reckett and R. H. Tawney. Notwithstanding the progress that has been made toward enlisting the Anglican Church and its clergy and laity in the cause of social reform, the author quotes as probably still true the opinion expressed by Bishop Gore in 1921: "Whatever may be said of the central or official church, the church as a whole, whether clerical or lay, remains, I fear, a body which as a whole the social reformer or the labor man regards as something which is alien to his ends and aims and which he finds irresponsive and dull."

JOHN A. RYAN.

Apologetics Made Popular

Christ's Own Church, by Martin J. Scott, S. J., New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.50.

FATHER SCOTT sets down here in unmistakable terms exactly what the Catholic Church is, what she teaches and the origin of her authority. For the Catholic born and bred it is a valuable exposition of truths already learned. And to those outside the Church, particularly to those interested in it, these clear-cut definitions are of incalculable benefit.

No one reading "Christ's Own Church" could be uncertain that however loosely the Apostle's Creed may be taken in other churches, to the Catholic it means what it did when it was first formulated; that it is the foundation upon which the whole structure of the Church stands, and the things in it which are stumbling blocks to modernists, the Trinity, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Divinity of Christ, are the stones, sunk deep, which give permanence and strength to Catholicism.

In this day of dissolving creeds and changing moral standards, even among Christian sects, an uncompromising book like this performs two services. Not only does it define clearly what the Church is and what she teaches, but it just as clearly cries out "No Thoroughfare" to those who, lacking virile faith, are nevertheless drawn to the Church by the beauty of its liturgy. There are many who admire Catholic practice but consider the Church too unyielding to the modern mind, and they will be helped by here coming face to face with fundamental matters of faith, briefly and uncompromisingly defined.

GRACE H. SHERWOOD.

NEXT WEEK

THE IRISH FREE STATE MOVES FORWARD, by Shaemas O'Sheel, is a revelation of the practical genius of the Irish people released at last from unfriendly and demeaning tutelage. What they have accomplished in the few years of their new nationhood is no idle dream. Mr. O'Sheel tells the story factually and feelingly in a manner that can but move every unprejudiced reader to admiration. . . . William Franklin Sands, author of "Undiplomatic Memories," a current biography which has most engaging and colorful and cosmopolitan qualities that reflect Mr. Sands's experience in life, goes to the roots of some popular modern ideas in RADICALISM AND MASS PRODUCTION. . . . HARVEY WICKHAM, by John C. Cahalan, jr., is a nice (and we mean that word in its exact sense) evaluation of a writer who tilted his lance at prejudices many of which have been taken up by the vulgar without even knowing what they are about. Mr. Cahalan's analysis is penetrating and comprehensive. . . . I LOVE SAINT PETER, by Helen Walker Homan, is a debonnair appreciation of a Saint whom, as the author says, millions have been dying to meet. Mrs. Homan's familiarity with him is gay with other worldliness and the best spirits in the world. . . . Mary E. McLaughlin in THREE LADIES reveals a poignant picture of a man. . . . VINCENT DE PAUL MEETS LEO XIII, by Franklyn J. Kennedy, records with poetic imagination what pleasant and tender things in common two great sons of the Church must have as they reminisce together in heaven—and the greatest of these, of course, is charity.

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Briefer Mention

Adventures of a Man of Quality, by the Abbé Prévost; translated by Mysie E. I. Robertson. The Bourbon Classics. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

THIS is the fifth volume of the "Man of Quality" series of which "Manon Lescaut" is the eighth volume and illustrious pendant. It embodies in fictional form the Abbé Prévost's impressions of life and society in England where he spent several years of exile. The observations are keen and well pointed, but the story makes very monotonous reading. Those who liked the romance of "Manon" will discover little of it here; further, they will find the plot absurd, the psychology misty and the form outmoded. The translator contributes a long introduction, which is of uneven merit. Prévost's importance as a liaison agent between French and British cultures is properly stressed, but there is no reference to the abbé's debt to Richardson, whom he imitated and some of whose works he translated into French. It smacks of the thesis and contains too much of that mincing lingo which research workers employ. But the student of the eighteenth century and the delver in curiosa will find it scholarly and diverting. The publisher announces a number of reprints of *ancien régime* literature under the heading of "The Bourbon Classics." These should appeal to those readers who found their interest in this field stimulated by Palache's "Four Novelists."

The Devil's Brigade, by John L. Spivak. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. $3.50.

A FEW decades ago, American newspapers were filled with items of gory feuds in the Kentucky and West Virginia mountains between the Hatfields and the McCoys. The present volume concerns itself with the inside story of this fourteen years of private violence in the Appalachians. While Mr. Spivak, a newspaper man of considerable experience, has written an interesting and attractive story, one cannot help the feeling that the feud is not of sufficient importance, even as a sociological document, to deserve the giving to it of an entire book. At that, it has elements of interest and appeal, which make one hope that its author, when he essays another volume, will put himself to the description of a theme of more significance and wider interest.

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